MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 25 No. 12

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180 pages

Our 50 favourite girls of the year

This Christmas issue we have brought for you

One winning fiction
Two fabled funnies
Three U-boat Aces
Four-coloured fantasies,
Five pedal cars
Six strippagram stories
Seven loves in lingerie
Eight marvellous motors
Nine delicious dollies
and a Parton in a bare spree!

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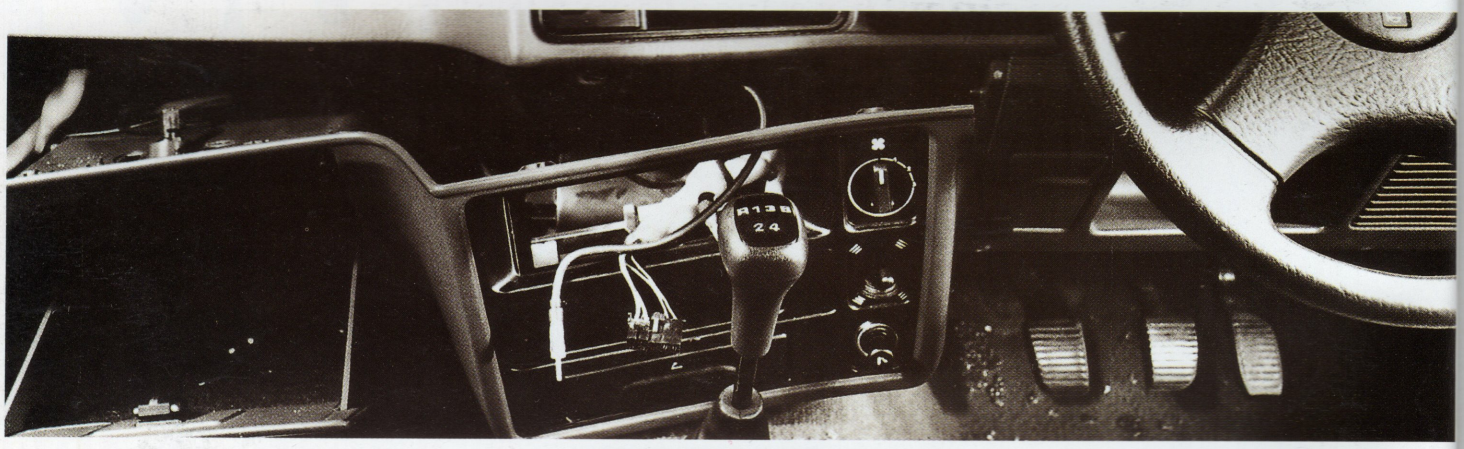

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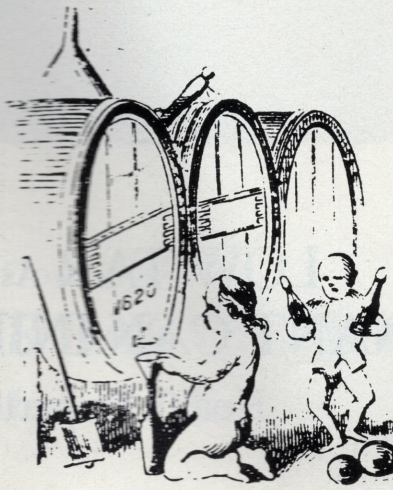
CHEERS!

Here to celebrate Christmas is our biggest issue of the year. We begin with no less than 50 of our most eyecatching girls of the year. Then there is unrepentant nostalgia for your first pedal car, and for those annuals that made your special Christmas reading. Add to that a great selection of features, fiction, funnies and all the ingredients that make Mayfair the unique institution it has become for men worldwide. We only ask you enjoy it in the reading as we have enjoyed it in the compilation.

CHEERS!



MAYFAIR

INCORPORATING King

Telephone number: 071-242 1593
6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA
PRINTED IN ENGLAND
Vol. 25. No. 12 ABC net paid circulation 295,646

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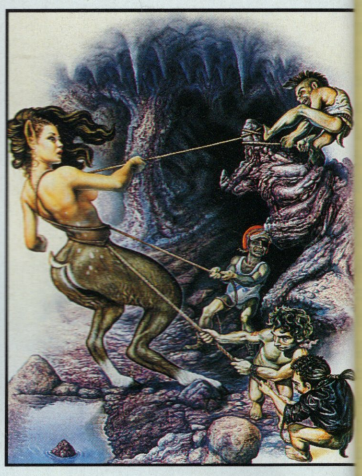
Satisfy your Yuletide yearnings with ever popular *Page Three* girl, and now *Mayfair* Model of the Year — Natalie Banus, our curviest ever Christmas decoration



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The work of Argentinian airbrush artist, Ciruelo, now looks set to take the whole fantasy art world by storm

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Modern BMWs follow in a tradition of quality, dating back to 1928

CENTRE GIRL

Sexy Sharon Hawthorne took on the censorship brigade — standing outside the Tory Party conference in Bournemouth earlier this year, wearing nothing more than stockings, suspenders and a raincoat! This set shows exactly what it was that she fought to flaunt

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Editor Kenneth Bound / Art Director **Kenneth Sims** / Features Editor **David Jeffs** / Photo Editor **Tony Murray** / Production Editor **Declan Meehan** / Editorial Assistant **Susan Curtis** / Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Chris Robins**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 6 Great James St, WC1N 3DA./Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 1270 London Road, London SW16/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright — Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC1N 3DA.

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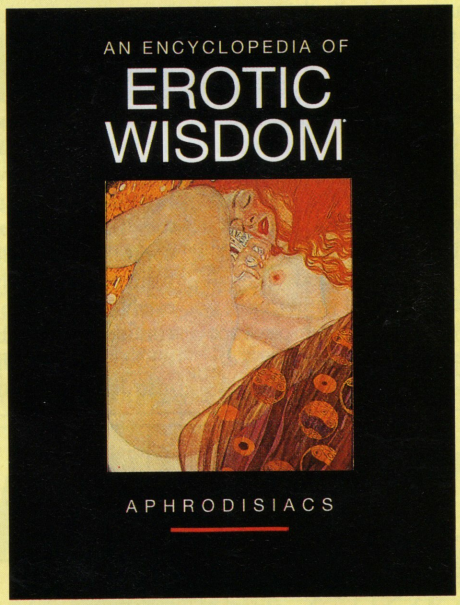

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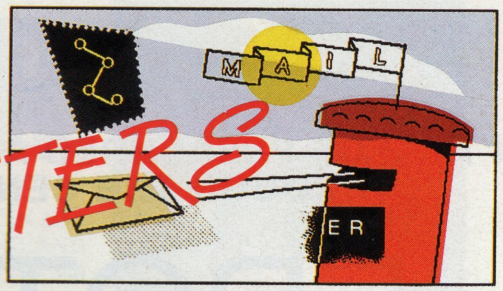


LETTERS

We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 6 Great James Street, London, WC1N 3DA.

Bard marks

I was browsing through an old *Mayfair* collector's edition *Best of Mayfair* (No 3), when I came across Frances Voy. I couldn't help recalling the lines that appear in Shakespeare's *Cymbeline:*

On her left breast,
A mole, cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I'th bottom of a cowslip

I was pleasantly surprised to see a mole on Frances' right breast. I couldn't make out how many darker blobs were in it. I think that if she'd grace the Bard's immortal pages, he would have put a closer inspection of her to good use.

AL, Barnham

Animal passion

A lot of women's magazines seem to be analysing the so-called 'man of the nineties.'

What I find far more interesting is the area of women pronouncing on women. A recent example I found has a surprising ring of truth about it.

Apparently there are now two distinct types of female and they can be told apart by the way that they dress.

The first are fragrantly dutiful beauties who believe regal perfection signifies social, material and marital status. Examples of this type of woman are Joan Collins, Stephanie Beacham and Diana Rigg.

The second are the type of women whose so-called 'savannah' passions come across in the clothes that they wear. Upfront and sexually alluring — men are supposedly meant to perceive them as the queens of life's jungle. Famous examples are meant to be Cher, Britt Ekland and Kate O'Mara. Quite interestingly, this clash has been labelled 'beauties versus the beasts.' While not entirely agreeing with the wording, I've found two examples of these women in *Mayfair*.

The upmarket beauty with obvious social grace has to be Suzannah Boden, the gorgeous Oxford graduate from the last issue. A strawberry blonde from East Anglia, she'd look good on any gent's arm at a regal gathering.

The lady with savannah passion has to be Anna Cowans from Vol 25 No 10. She's dressed in a style to suit her sexuality. That leopard skin dress brings out her animal passion instantly.

Both are undoubtedly stunning but I would be interested to hear other mens' views on the subject.

MB, Cardiff

Unhappy landings

Your article on the Phantom (Vol 25 No 11) reminded me of a report circulating in the early 1970s, entitled *How Rough Can It Get?* It told the following tale.

A US Navy Phantom took off one evening to build up night and simulated instrument time, with a mirror landing practice on a local airfield. A Ground Controlled Approach (GCA) was commenced in a mirror landing sequence, with the final controller assuming control at nine miles. Three miles from the runway the Phantom was established on the glide path and continued in to half a mile, at which point the controller instructed the pilot to take over.

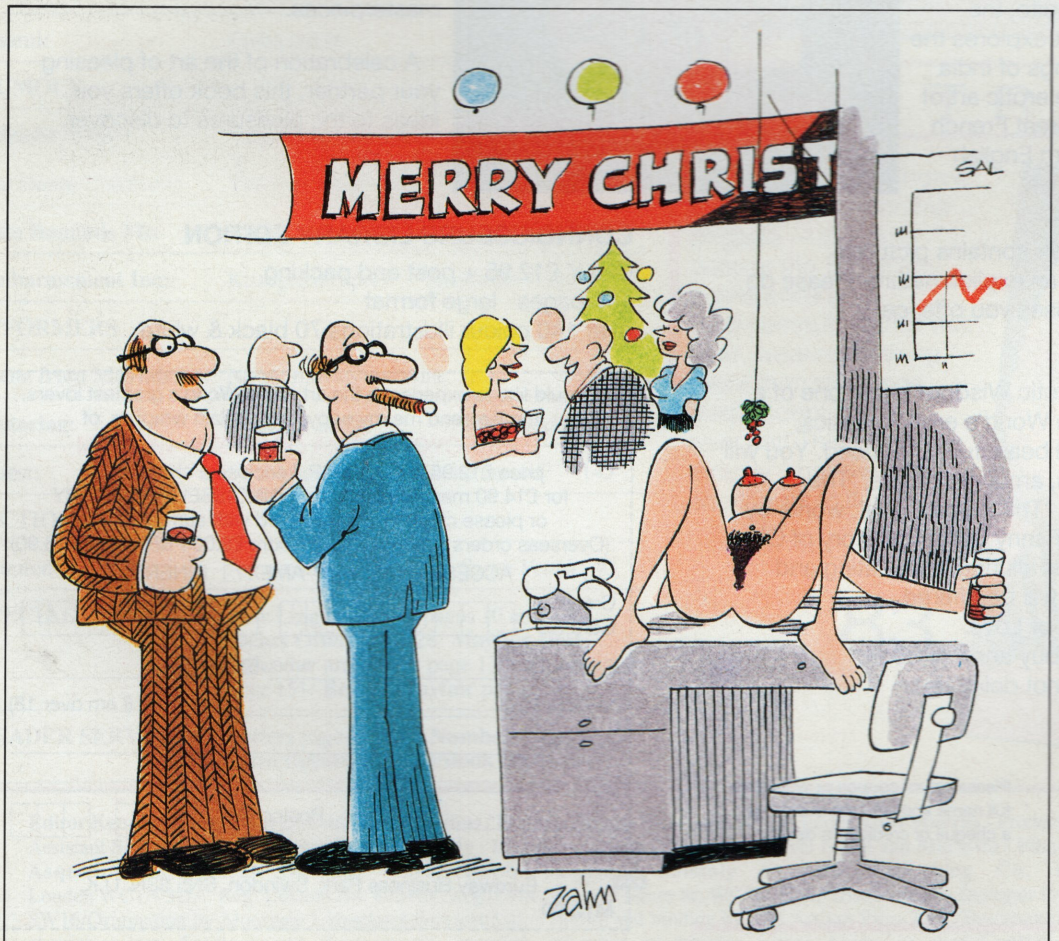
The GCA control equipmen however, continued to transmit 'o glide path and course' informatio throughout the remainder of th approach. This information wa false. The Phantom pilot checke the mirror landing system an realised, despite GC information, that he wa undershooting. He applied fu combat power. The aircraft struc the ground 50 feet short of th runway, colliding with an 18 inc mound of earth and then bouncin into a two feet deep trench just fiv feet short of the runway' threshold. On the final impact o this attempt the port main gear wa torn off at the trunnions, while th starboard wheel sheared at the axl stub and ran ahead of the aircraf down the runway. Both wing tip were torn off. The pilot saw spark in the rear view mirror and calle up to report damage. The aircraf carried on down the runway an became airborne.

The Landing Safety Officer, wh had just come on duty, wa requested to check the state of th aircraft as it flew over the field Although it was dark, he did no use any form of lamp and reporte the damage to the pilot as 'a burs starboard tyre'.

It was decided to effect a short fiel arrestment on the secondar runway to avoid closing the mai runway. This involves using cable laid across the runway and landing with the arrestor hook, as on a aircraft carrier. The Landing Safety Officer asked for a communications equipped truck so that he could control the arreste landing. The truck arrived withou communications equipment.

While efforts were being made to get the communications equipment, the Phantom orbited the field. Hydraulic warning lights came on in the cockpit, but all three systems indicated normal pressure. The pilot put down the undercarriage gear and flaps as a precaution. Shortly after this the power controls' hydraulics failed, so he extended the ram air turbine. By this time the communications equipment had arrived and the Landing Safety Officer called for a low pass, to 'establish proper alignment with the secondary runway'. During this pass, with the entire port main gear, the starboard wheel and both wing tips

turn to page 12

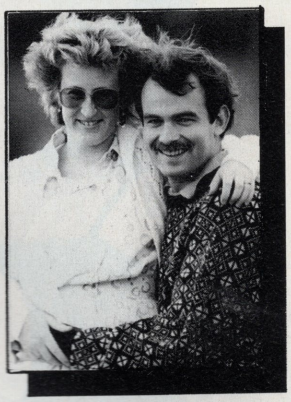


'If you played your cards right, I reckon you'd be in with a chance with Miss Johnson.'

You too can find love

"I met lots of different men at university but when I started work the opportunities for meeting single men were really limited. I joined Dateline then and went out with one person I met for two years, but then I moved away with my work. After a while I thought that as Dateline had been such a success the first time why not have some fun and do it again? I do admit though that I really was looking for someone special!" When Karen met Robert, teased by his description of himself as 'one of the few people who has never seen the 'Sound of Music', she thought "nice... I think I'm going to enjoy this!" Robert, a 31 year old architectural technician, found her very attractive too, and felt that he definitely wanted to know her better. For the next few weeks they went out one late night after another – "I don't know how we survived," says Robert. They are now together and Robert says "I am so happy having found someone I want to spend my life with. I see people now in the same situation as I was before, unable to meet anyone, and they don't feel they can do anything about it, and I want to say 'Yes you can!' When you join Dateline not every date is going to be your 'ideal person' but you will find things to enjoy in 90% of the people you meet – and if you meet 'that special person' it's the most wonderful bonus!"

"I saw the Dateline ad. and thought of joining other smaller agencies, but thought I might as well get the best."



"The first night we met he gave me a bunch of flowers" says Denise. "I was speechless!" "Actually even if we hadn't wanted to see each other again she would have got the flowers," laughs Colin. "They were a token of appreciation for having the courage to turn up!" "Everything was so easy. We chatted so much on that first date, and then Denise asked me out to dinner the next night. I found her so refreshing – amusing and extrovert – and knew very quickly that we had something special." So special that three months later they were engaged.

"I asked her to marry me that first night."

Jean, 42 and divorced, has her own wool shop, not the most obvious place for meeting single men. A friend of a friend had recently married through Dateline so she thought it seemed worth a try. Barry had been divorced for twelve years, had been a member of Dateline but then had moved because of work. He rejoined and his name appeared on Jean's first list. When they met "Everything was so magnetic between us that I just didn't want to leave him," says Jean. "I actually asked her to marry me that first night, and she said yes," says Barry. "It may sound unbelievable, but we are such a good match. I didn't get too much sleep that night though, wondering if I'd done the right thing!" However Dateline was right about both compatibility and chemistry, and Barry and Jean married earlier this year.

'We met through Dateline'

If you would like a 'love story' of your own, someone to love and care for, and you are beginning to wonder where you can find that special person, come to Dateline.

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LINGERIE FOR LOVERS

–here's what you'd like your partner to wear

The saucy undies that *Mayfair* models wear have always been a big turn on for readers. We know because you write and ask us where to get the same items for your girlfriends. We have now carried out a survey to find the garments you find sexiest. It's enabled us to hand pick a superb new range of erotic playwear. From the briefest of pants to a saucy maid's uniform, these items will spur your love life to new heights. Our researches show girls find them just as inspiring!

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JULIA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEAN ROUGERON

Julia Parton is making her own way in the world. Cousin of famous actress and country and western singer Dolly, she has forged out a successful modelling career for herself. Although not sharing the same distinctive hair colour of cousin Dolly, 25-year-old Julia has inherited the most recognisable Parton trait, which can be admired in the curvy contours of her delicious 38-24-36 inch figure.

Julia has an eye for figures herself, and occasionally gets behind the camera to practise her photographic skills. Preparing for the day when she gives up modelling (which judging by these pictures is still a long way off), Julia has started up her own modelling agency. Like Dolly, Julia has an extrovert side to her nature, and enjoys being the centre of attention.

She certainly has no hesitation when it comes to talking about her body. 'I'm an exhibitionist, and I think if they're honest, every girl who does nude modelling is the same. So showing off your body, knowing that it's appreciated is a turn-on.' With comments like that, sexy Julia is bound to win many British fans with this, a seasonal red-stockinged appearance.

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

Comic genius

Fans of children's comics will no doubt have already spotted our nostalgia feature on annuals (see page 94) taken from Alan Clark's book, *The Children's Annual* (Boxtree £16.95). But the beezer Mr Clark has now completed a dandy new tome which celebrates the work of the artists behind such childhood heroes as Desperate Dan, Keyhole Kate and Hungry Horace. *The Best of British Comic Art* (Boxtree £14.99) is a lavishly illustrated tribute to 'Bertie' Brown (who produced cartoon capers for Charlie Chaplin, Jack Warner and Cardew Robinson in *Film Fun* and *Radio Fun*), G W Wakefield (penning everything from dramatic detective stories to Laurel and Hardy's fine messes), H S Foxwell (creator of Tiger Tim and friends), Alan Morley (Hungry Horace, Nosey Parker and Keyhole Kate), Dudley D Watkins (Desperate Dan, Lord Snooty etc) and Ken Reid (Roger the Dodger, The Nervs and Frankie Stein). Sounds like a bigger treat for a comic fan than cow pie, eh readers?

If you imagine that Alan Clark ('He likes a lark') hasn't quite grown up, you wouldn't be far wrong. For as well as collecting comics and annuals, and writing books about them, he also edits and publishes a magazine on the subject. *Golden Fun, the first of its kind*, is available from 24 Arundel Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, TN1 1TB. But don't be misled. Despite the title, the only water sports you'll find inside are japes and pranks with buckets of water by the cartoon characters!

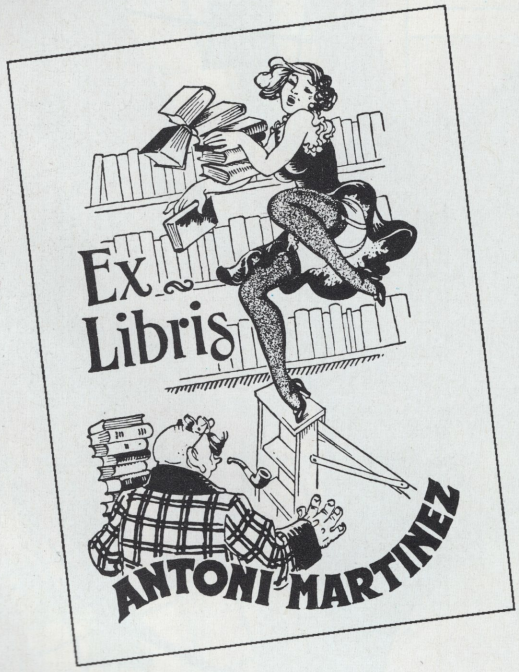
What's left this Xmas?

Gauche, sinister and cack-handed — just three insults that derive from that most common of handicaps, namely preferring to use the left hand. But now the le wing are striking back, thanks Anything Left-Handed Ltd of Beak Street, London W1R 3L As well as being able to come with practically any utensil for t man or woman who thinks right wrong (such as scissors, fi knives, tin openers), they al offer membership of the Le Handers Club.

Run by Reg and Keith Mils (father and son, and both le handers), the club provides forum for the less adroit who mig otherwise feel left out in the col Membership includes four issu of *The Left-Hander Newsletter*, t 1991 *Left-Handed Calend* (which is deliberately print backwards!), and 10 per ce discounts on their goods a exclusive teeshirts, ties etc.

All are strictly for that elite tenth the population who can't wri

Ex (rated) Libris



These days ex-libris, or book plates generally say, 'This annual belongs to . .' But there is also a tradition of erotic ex libris for private collectors. Colin R Lattmore has assembled 40 classic examples of the genre in *Erotic Bookplates* (Silent Books, £7.95)

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without smudging the ink, annoy guests at crowded dinner tables, and who were constantly shouted at by games masters during PE.

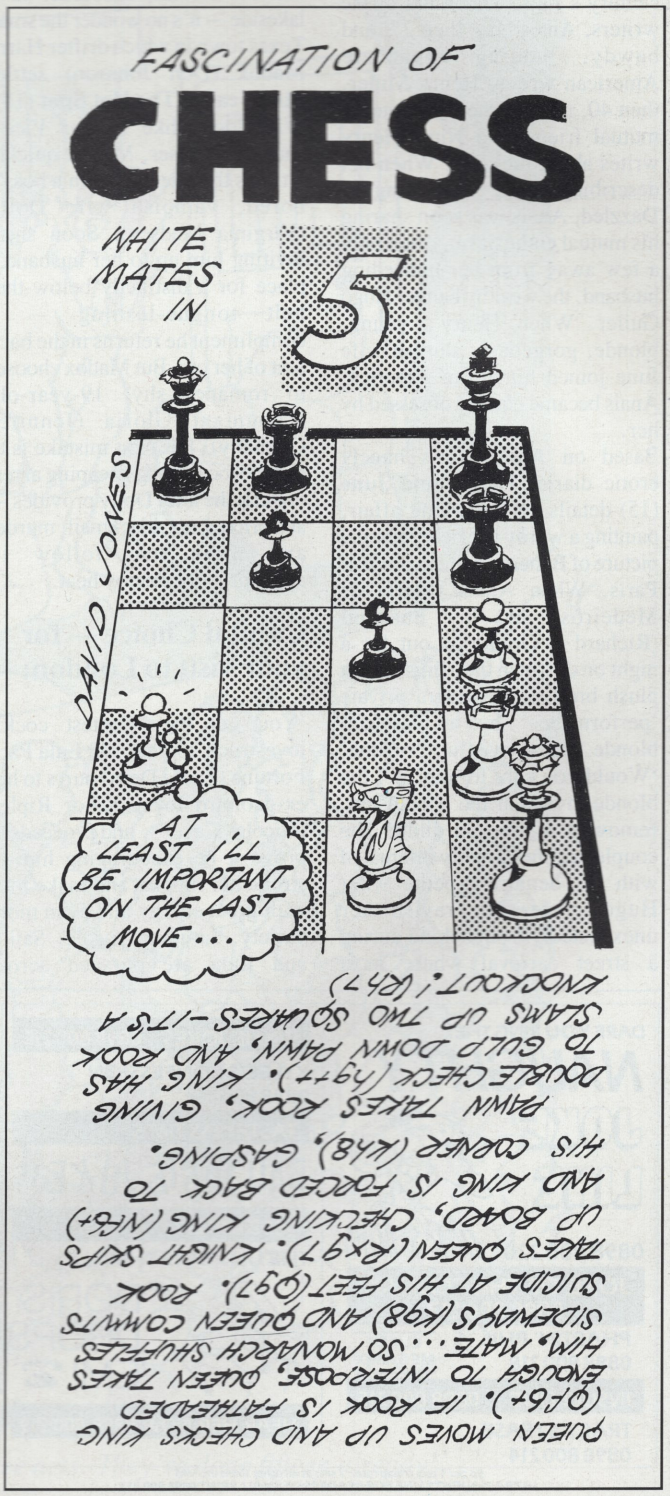
On offer to anyone is the Left-Handers Gift Pack — an ideal Christmas present for the man or girl who has everything except co-ordination. Costing £17.95 (plus £1.50 p&p), this includes a fountain pen with left-handed nib, 8 1/2 inch scissors, an address book and notepad that open back-to-front to make writing easier, an anti-clockwise pencil sharpener and six pencils bearing the legend, 'Left-Handers do it right!' If you're left-handed, why not drop them a line — and try not to smudge the envelope.

Wheel meet again!

If the thought of *The Great Escape* on television again this Christmas drives you round the bend, then you might be interested in a selection of videos that will also drive you down the straight, through the chicane over the finishing line. Motoring nostalgia, it seems, is all the rage (we've known this for years), and video producers are revving up with classic car videos. First off the grid is *E is for E-Type* (Rare Earth £14.95). This 40 minute tribute to the beautiful sports car is directed by Noel Green of LWT. As well as a storyline the video includes an interview with Lord Lichfield (taking time off from the Unipart shoot), rare library footage of racing C, D and E-types and a unique chance to win a £25,000 E-type by answering the questions on the form inside the case! Good luck. It's available by writing to Lawrence Spain, Delta V, Laser Quay, Culpepper Close, Medway City Estate, Rochester, Kent, ME2 4HU.

Haynes Publishing are perhaps best known for their guides to car repairs but now they too have entered the world of motoring nostalgia films with *Pre-War Motor Racing (1900-1939)*, *Motor Racing 60s style* and *The Motor Racing Years 1930s* all produced by G T Foulis and Co. Also priced £14.95, except *Motor Racing Years* which is £19.95, each one last's about one hour, and includes some excellent shots from newsreels and sports coverage featuring Graham Hill, Stirling Moss and Jim Clark and a host of others. They are available by writing to G T Foulis and Co, Sparkford, Nr Yeovil, Somerset, BA22 7JJ.

And bringing up the rear comes *Classic Cars* (Front Runner £9.99), 100 minutes of action from the UK's first International Historic Festival of Motor Racing held at Silverstone. See the last remaining Auto Union D-type, the 1938 Grand Prix winning Mercedes Benz and dozens of Ferraris, Jaguars and historic Formula One cars. Narration is by Rula Lenska! Available from most video shops (sorry that's the tape, not Rula).



SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

Films

Gerald Cole

New releases:
The sexiest of the current crop of mainstream movies

In 1931 in Paris two of the century's most celebrated erotic writers, Anais Nin, then 27, and bawdy, balding expatriate American writer, Henry Miller, then 40, met for the first time. A mutual friend told Nin: 'Henry writes about fucking'. When not describing it, he was doing it. Dazzled, Anais was soon sharing his mutual enthusiasm, often only a few away from her unheeding husband, the wealthy banker Hugo Guiler. When Henry's young, blonde, gorgeously sluttish wife June joined him from America, Anais became equally obsessed by her.

Based on Anais Nin's hugely erotic diaries **Henry and June** (15) details her year-long affair, painting a wordy but richly sensual picture of Bohemian life in pre-war Paris. When Anais (Maria de Medeiros) and her husband (Richard E Grant) go out for a night on the town they finish it in a plush brothel, viewing a private 'performance' by a masterful blonde and a wistful brunette. 'Would you care to join us?' the blonde invites at the conclusion, removing a strap-on dildo. The couple decline. Totally infatuated with his demurely petite wife, Hugo prefers to ravish her unexpectedly from behind during a street carnival where most revellers are nude or semi-nude. Anais, meanwhile, though fond of her husband, is happy to be ravished by everyone else as well, but mostly Miller (Fred Ward) and his wife (Uma Thurman), whom she lures into a topless tussle on Henry's bed. Superior erotica in the mould of (and by the maker of) *Unbearable Lightness of Being*.

Nude bathing by moonlight, a torrid romp on a giant pile of wood chips at an abandoned saw mill, a discreet lesbian encounter at a lakeside — it's no wonder the small Texas town in which drifter Harry Madox (Don Johnson) settles can be called **The Hot Spot** (18). With looks like *Miami Vice's* sharpest dresser, Madox quickly attracts the attention of his boss's bored, vampish wife Dolly (Virginia Madsen). Soon she's inviting him up to her husband's place for a distinctly below-the-belt tongue-lashing — a compliment he returns in the back seat of her car. But Madox chooses to romance shy, 19-year-old accountant Gloria (Jennifer Connelly). His next mistake is to rob the local bank, escaping arrest only by the alibi Dolly provides — at a price. Lust, blackmail, murder and more lust follow in appropriately steamy heat.

Capital Choice — for your visit to London:

'You got the sweetest cock,' lovestruck 20-year-old Lula Pace Fortune (Laura Dern) purrs to her ex-gaolbird lover Sailor Ripley (Nicolas Cage) — and proceeds to prove it be encouraging him to stroke her nipples and make love with great energy and even more variety. Jumping parole, Sailor and Lula are pursued across America by Lula's vengeful mother, Marietta (Diane Ladd) who first despatches a private eye, Johnnie Farragut (Harry Dean Stanton), then a murderous drugs dealer, Marcello Santos, to track them down. Add characters like drugs baron Mr Reindeer, his crippled, sadistic hit woman Juana and Bobby Peru (William Dafoe), reputedly the most evil man in America, and you can understand why Lula describes her existence as '**Wild At Heart** (18) and weird on top.'

Sailor, it transpires, originally incurred Marietta's wrath by witnessing the murder of Lula's father. Not that the plot matters much in this latest offering from *Blue Velvet* director David Lynch, who's plainly much more interested in creating an unclassifiable mix of bizarre humour, extreme violence (one skull-cracking, graphic decapitation by shotgun) and some very powerful eroticism.

Why are so many near death experiences so similar? The same awareness of bright light, of speeding down a tunnel, of calmness and peace. This intriguing question forms the basis of **Flatliners** (15) — the flat line being the indication of clinical death on a heart monitor screen. Five bright medical students, led by Kiefer Sutherland, and including the exquisite Julia *Pretty Woman* Roberts, decide to 'flatline' themselves, stopping their hearts under laboratory conditions for minutes at a time.

Sadly the makers duck any truly startling revelations and opt for the old chestnut of one's past life flashing before one — or, at least, the most horrific, guilt-ridden aspects of it: Sutherland dreams of a childhood friend whose death he caused, Roberts of her suicidal father, ladykiller William Baldwin of the dozens of girls he's video'd secretly while bonking them.

But, when the flatliners revive, their dream bogeymen revive too, haunting them, and causing them actual physical harm.

An original, highly atmospheric tale told with panache.

Video Choice:
Recently released videos with a high erotic content

'Undress!' jealous Hispanic husband Andres De Boya (Tomas Milian) orders his blonde, statuesque, adulterous America wife Mary (Kelly McGillis) gunpoint. Terror-stricken, sh obeys, while De Boya, a wealth former police chief and torturer the Dominican Republic, runs h gun barrel down her naked body until she lashes out. At which poi he drags her from her bed an forces her to sign a docume renouncing a two million doll divorce settlement.

Discreet lighting conceals all b the top half of the delightful M McGillis in this climactic mome of **Cat Chaser** (18), a tense, har boiled psychological thriller fro best-seller Elmore Leonard.

Hero George Moran (Pete Weller), ex-marine and no owner of a rundown Florida mote is waylaid and seduced by o flame McGillis. Anxious to lea her husband, she's also reluctant give up her expensive lifestyle One solution is to enlist Moran help in stealing her husband's ne egg, a fortune in cash he kee hidden at home, and perha disposing of him en route.

The idea that two woefully ine Californian high school studen (Robert V Barron and Kean Reeves), desperate to form a ro band but totally incapable playing any instrument, wi eventually create music that wi become the foundation of wor civilization is the unlikely premis of **Bill and Ted's Excelle Adventure** (PG);

However, unless the duo make a exceptional presentation on th theme, 'How would a famo historical person view the mode world?' they will fail their histo course, be sent to different scho and never fulfil their destiny.

Enter a time traveller from 70 years hence, offering them the u of a time machine, disguised *D Who*-style as a telephone kios With only hours to go, the pa roam through history, kidnappin Napoleon,, Beethoven, Billy th Kid, and Freud, amongst other and dumping them in their lo shopping mall. Beethove promptly falls in love with synthesiser, Joan of Arc takes ov an aerobics class and Genghi Khan goes berserk in a spor goods shop.

The joy of the film, though, is th boys' peculiarly grandiose slang everything is 'excellent' an 'triumphant' or 'bogus' and 'no triumphant' — and their gloriou ignorance of history: Napoleon 'a short, dead dude', Joan of A 'probably Noah's wife', and whe Socrates (they call him 'S Crates') declares: 'True wisdom knowing you know nothing', the chorus: 'That's us!'

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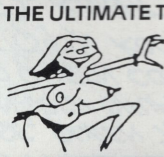
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'I thought this was only supposed to be in three acts. They've done fifteen already!'

Model of the Yea

Natalie

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LESLIE TURTLE

Natalie Banus is a girl with her feet firmly on the ground After achieving modelling fame at the tender age of 16, s then went on to find stage success, and now shows a confidence and maturity well beyond her 19 years of ag Quite rightly, she has earned our accolade as *model of year*. 'Things have happened so quickly to me, it's hard keep track,' she says. Ironically, Natalie trained as an actress, and modelling was the last thing on her mind. S went to the Bush Davies Theatre School in East Grinstea before moving on to the Italia Conti stage school. It wa here that her blossoming 40-23-35 inch figure was spott Natalie's modelling success now provide's the platform which she hopes to build a singing and acting career. In a good year for London-born Natalie who has slimmed plumpish curves into a new more erotic elegance.

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On the singing front, she recently sang a track on a compilation album called *Skin Beat* which got into the top twenty album chart. 'The record was actually released on *Andrew Lloyd Webber's* Really Useful record label. I sang *Dusty Springfield* song called, ''Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself,'' and now I plan to put some demo tapes together for record companies to listen to.' The singer Natalie would most like to emulate is Gloria Estefan. 'If I had a voice like hers I'd be a happy and rich woman.'

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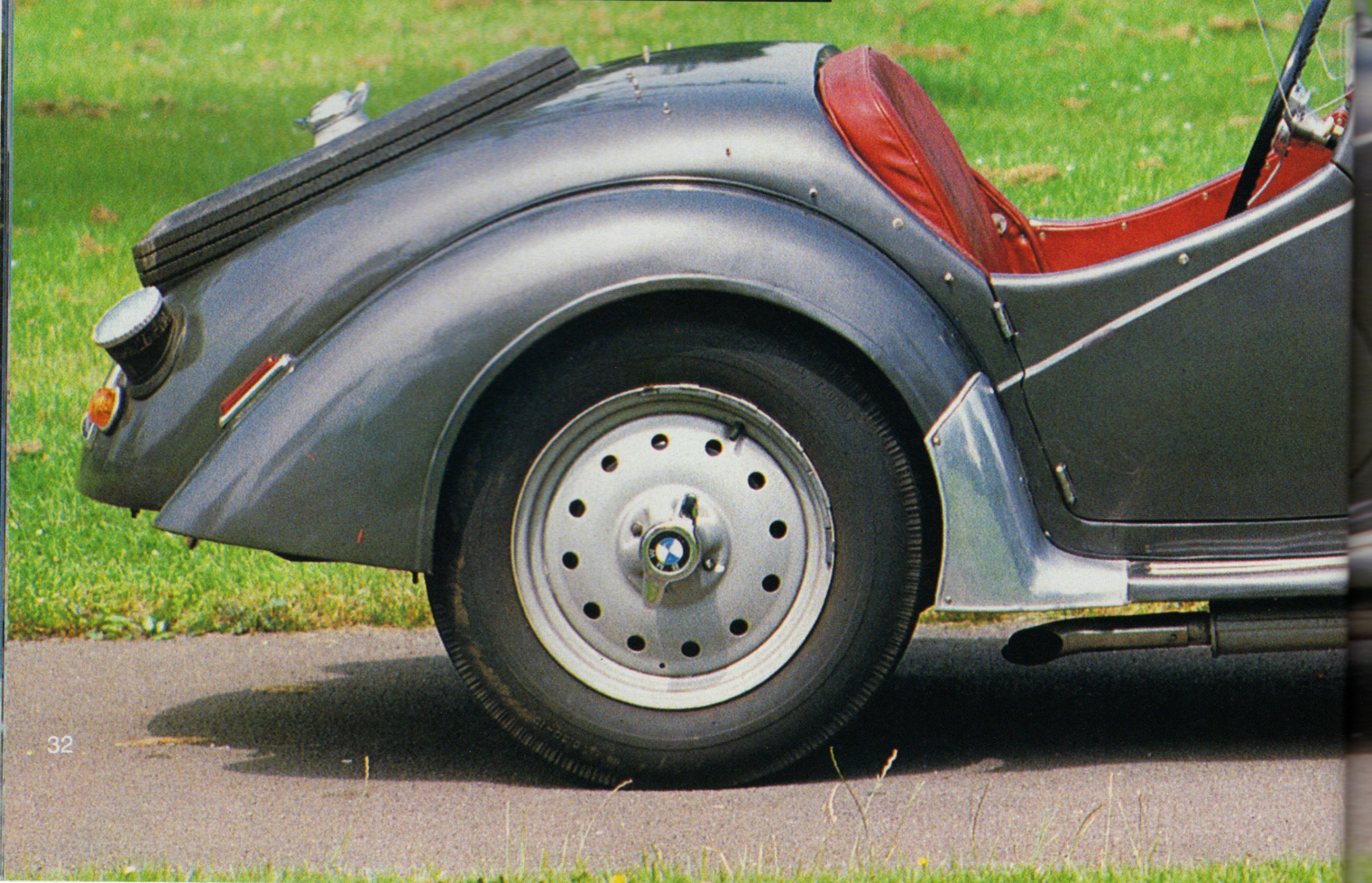
Natalie made her acting debut in the play *Page Three Girls* alongside fellow glamour girls Debbie Linden and Virginia Slade. Most recently she won a small part in the hit film *Bullseye* which stars Roger Moore and Michael Caine. 'I never actually got to meet Michael, but I met Roger on a number of occasions during filming. He's such a charming gentleman. I can see why so many women fall at his feet.' Unfortunately, Natalie has lost touch with many of her Page Three pals. 'We all seem to move in different circles these days, but when we do catch up with each other we always have a long gossip — like girls do,' she laughs.

Despite her singing and acting ambitions, Natalie hasn't given up modelling completely. She's already been to Mexico and LA this year.

'I still enjoy the glamour work. In fact, I'm a lot more confident now, especially as I think my figure has improved.' Judging by the comments from readers, Natalie would be a star whatever shape she was. The only thing Natalie admits is missing from her life at present is a man. 'People seem to think just because you are a model you are constantly surrounded by men. Unfortunately, I have yet to meet my dream guy. He's got to have a sense of humour, and a nice smile. Any possible suggestions?'

Reflecting two different generations of BMW motor manufacturing. Below and top right: A pre-war BMW 328 Sports Roadster with its sleek body lines and 1,971 cc engine. Two pictures top left: A contemporary BMW CSL Coupé. This solid looking model comes with a powerful 2,985 cc engine giving out an impressive 200 bhp.



For sixty years BMW have been producing quality cars. From the Dixi to the latest ZI model, their cars have succeeded worldwide

Beauty and the BMW

Motoring with William Boddy
Photographed by Andrew Morland

BMW has made a major contribution to Germany's reputation for building quality cars. Mercedes may be the best engineered, but the BMW is often preferred for its more sporting characteristics.

BMW is a much more recent arrival than the

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turn-of-the century Mercedes. A product of the Bayerische Moteren-Werke of Munich, the company started off making aeroplane-engines in 1916. Most BMW followers know that the badge on the radiator grille represents an aeroplane propeller, a throw-back to wartime days. Building aero-engines instils quality, and this has been a hallmark of BMW cars and motorcycles. In fact, the motorcycles came first, in the guise of the transverse-twin 500 cc sh drive machine of 1923, designed by Dr. Max Fritz. BMW felt its way into the ro transport field with this and subsequ motorcycles. These were mostly with shaft-dr instead of the universal messy chain-dri Power units were up to 750 cc, although so single cylinder engines were produced. BM experimented with superchargers, and b

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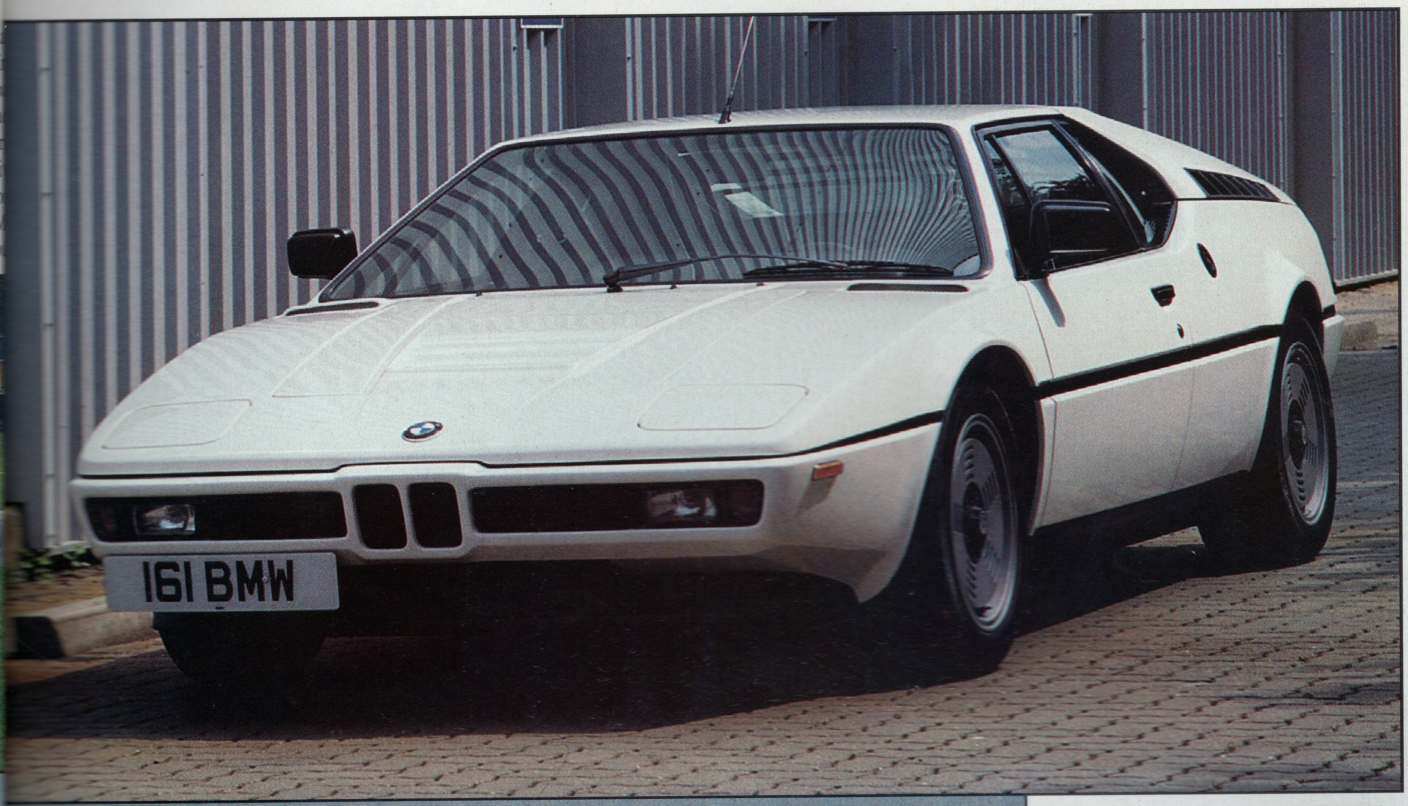
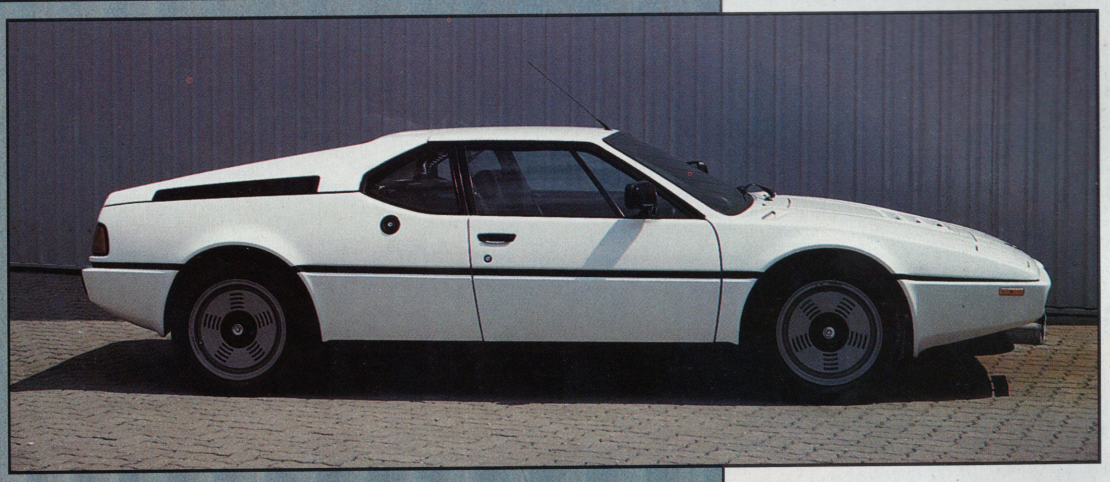
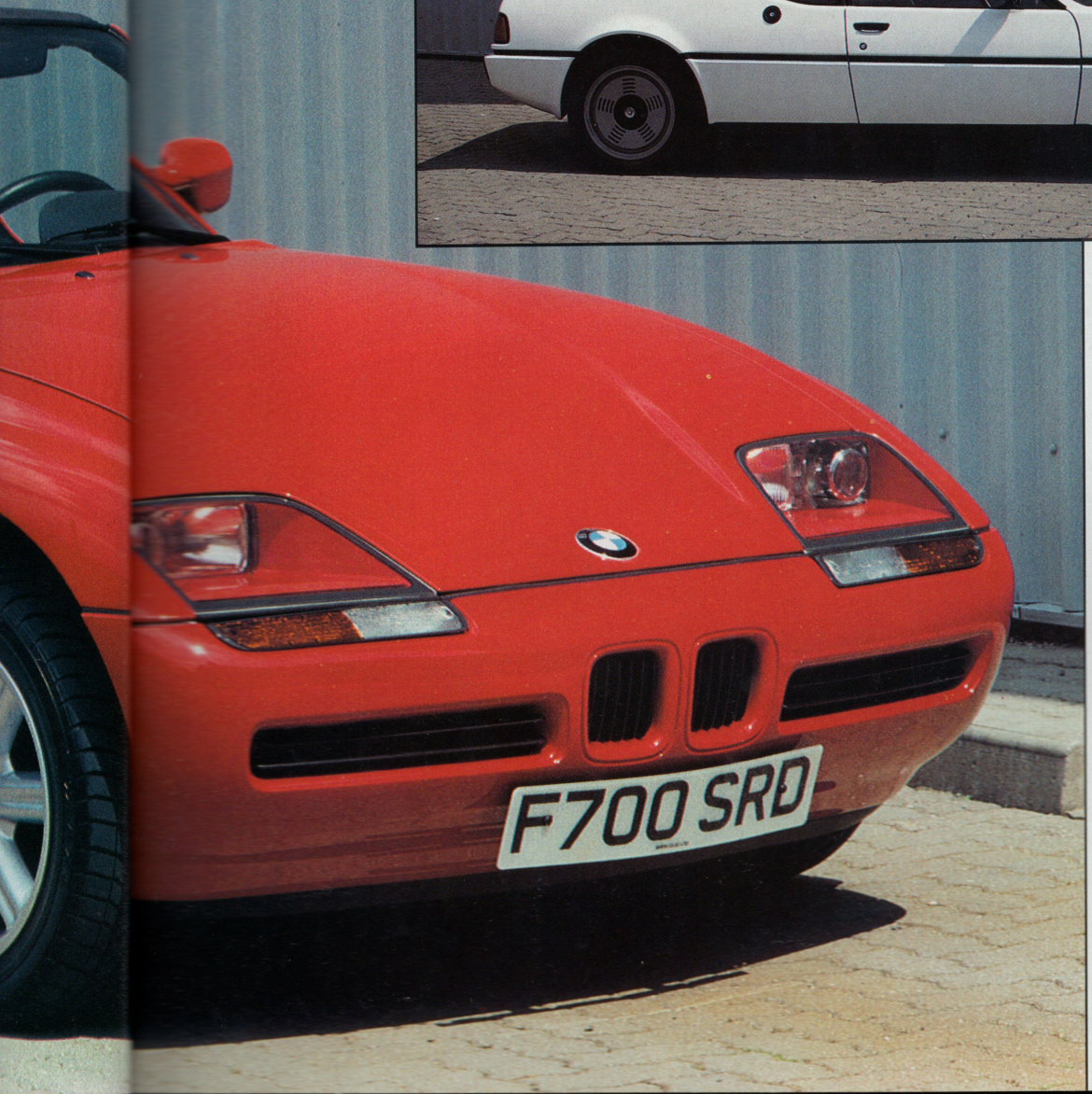




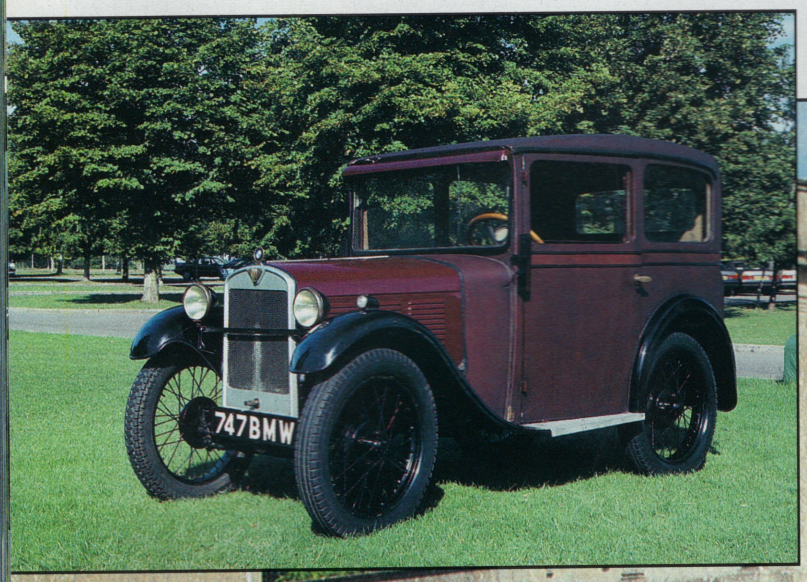


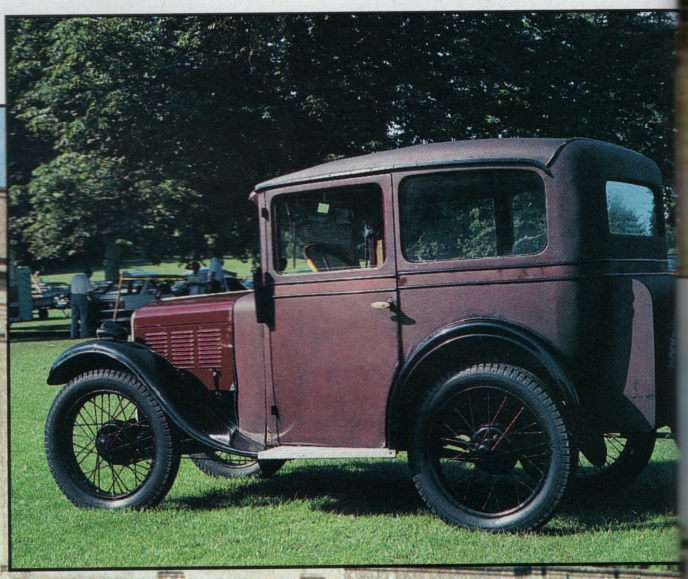
Clockwise from main picture left: One of the latest BMW models. The ZI with its sharp sports car profile comes with a powerful 2,494 cc engine, and has a top speed of 141 mph. Above: A shot of the interior, and a rear view of this £36,925 car. A yellow BMW 2002 saloon. This 1975 model has a 1,990 cc engine giving out 100 bhp. Remaining two pictures capture the dazzling looks of a 1978 BMW MI Coupé. With its six-cylinder, 3,453 cc engine, the Coupé gives out 277 bhp, and can reach a top speed of 164 mph.

successful racing and record-breaking bikes for their rider Ernest Henne and others.

Deciding that cars were the next move, the German engineers proceeded cautiously, first building under licence the celebrated British Austin Seven baby-car. BMW adopted their version, called the Dixi, in 1928. The little car's name derived from the Dixi factory at Eisenach where it was made. The venture was successful, and it wasn't long before BMW were making cars of their own design. These became very popular in the years prior to the Second World War, especially the small six cylinder cars, of which the first the Type 303, appeared by 1933. In England these smooth-running sixes, with independent front suspension, gained much acclaim. The sports 328 with its 80 bhp 1,971 in-line six-cylinder engine using the ingenio valve gear and supple springing, marked distinct advance in sports-car techniques.

The Second World War meant more aer engines. But when the war ended, BM commenced building their diverse and celebrat range of high-quality, high-performance mode





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Main picture left: A distinctive looking, 3 litre BMW CSL. This model from 1975 has a 3,153 cc engine, and earned the nickname the 'batmobile' because of its aerodynamic fins at the rear. Two pictures above: The first BMW car to be built was the Dixi. This 1929 model has a 748 cc engine and was really an Austin 7 built under licence at Eisenach. The success of this model was the platform upon which the company built its name. Final two pictures: Differing views of a BMW 635M Coupè. With its elegant lines the Coupé has all the hallmarks of a typically well built BMW.

with six and vee-eight cylinder power units. The make was known and respected in Britain because H.J. Aldington and his brothers had imported these cars before the war, converted them to right-hand steering, and re-named them Frazer Nash-BMWs. They had won racing honours in the hands of our more famous racing drivers, so the post-war BMW had a good start on the home market.

The variety was considerable. In recent years it was reputed that no sooner had the lates BMW offering appeared in the showrooms than another updated model was announced at the Motor Show. It was logical to bring out a 1,971 cc six-cylinder car, the Type 501 made in the Munich factory after the war, where motorcycle production was also recommenced, the Eisenach works having been lost to the Nationalised EMW concern. But the techicians at Munich were versatile, and besides the fine cars which bore the proud initials BMW, came up with the BMW Isetta bubble car, constructed under licence from Iso. It was ideal for those who wanted petrol economy or a small car for going down to the shops where parking in confined spaces would prove difficult.

Momentarily it seems as if BMW might get hooked on the economy car theme, because the Isetta bubble was followed by the BMW 600, a four-seater miniature, and then by the BMW 700, with the sting in its tail, an air-cooled 697 cc horizontally-opposed twin-cylinder engine. However, in 1962, there was another development, when the refined four-cylinder '1500' saloon, was announced. It later became an 1800 cc car, with the power output moving up from 80 to 90 bhp.

Looking back on the last couple of decades one remembers the pleasure a Type 2500 Six provided, with its easy flow of power, good gear-shift commanding driving position. Also worth remembering was the cylinder 520i BMW saloon. Both these cars of impeccable quality endeared themselves to the more enthusiastic driver. Not overlooking, also, the genuinely-quick 3.0 CLS coupé which scarcely coughed in visiting ten European capital cities in the space of four days.

This little tour of nearly 3,800 miles was run at wide throttle-opening and at an average petrol-thirst of 15.13 mpg.

These were BMW models of the kind which have put the marque high on the shopping list of those looking for exclusive motor cars that have social status and are enjoyable to drive. Sifting through that complex model range, (which has probably kept the rival engineers at Daimler-Benz in Stuttgart on their metal) the forementioned BMW 2500 was the first of the six-cylinder cars, with a beautifully made overhead-camshaft engine, having a seven-bearing crankshaft and poking out a useful 170bhp. It was followed by a 2.8-litre version. The BMW versatility showed again when this was joined by the Touring models, with semi-estate bodywork and a choice of 1.6-litre, 1.8-litre or 2-litre engines.

The Turbo 2002 is unlikely to have been forgotten, and the performance factor was looked to in the 1970's with the 200 bhp 3.2-litre engine, used for the Li saloon and the Type 633CSi coupé. Despite of their good gearboxes, BMW had automatic transmission for the lazy, and fuel-injection had not passed them by. The six-pot model had disc braking, and on the 8-series, BMW's power steering was standard.

If you are a BMW buff you will not have forgotten the fast Alpinas, with five-sp transmission, and a turbocharger on the 3-l Six. The fabulous M1, is still seen in raci With its mid-engined coupé design, it offere the 1970s over 160 mph from 277 bhp for a c of £38,000.

All-independent suspension was added to other technical sophistications to enhance BMW name, and the 5-Series cars marked beginning of the last decade.The six-cylin power unit which was the mainstay of top BM models had grown to a capacity of 3.5 litre racing, BMW have run saloons and Form Two single-seaters, and at the luxury extreme Bavarian manufacturer has the 5-litre 7 model. It has a V12 light-alloy engine, perh to Jaguar's discomfort, producing 300 bhp a torque figure of 317lb./ft. Electronica controlled suspension dampers add yet anot dimension to BMW motoring, and this lux Munich-motor costs £50,300, and wafts occupants up to 60 mph in seven seconds, and to more than 155 mph if so inclined by the m adventurous driver.

That largely sets the scene for BMW today cater for diverse pockets yet provide the sa brand of individualistic motoring there are 3,5,7, and 8-Series. The prices of which from £12,425, to £59,500 for the 5-litre 8 two-door six-speed coupé. The lastest BM engine advance is the M50 24-valve twin-c Six, which powers the 525i. There is als Roadster, the ZI, with the 2.5 engine, selling £36,925 in left-hand-drive, 5-speed form, the same engine size M3 Sport Evolution win road-racer, pushed along with 238 bhp, ev one of them a fine car in the solid traditio BMW motoring.

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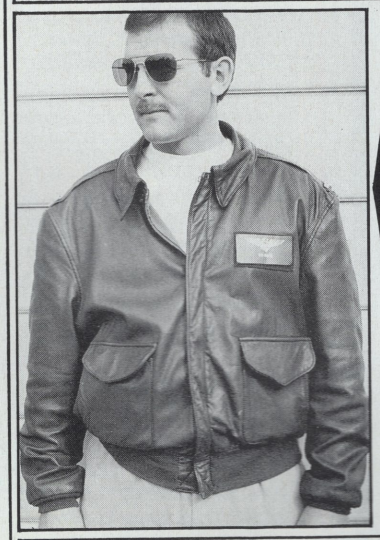

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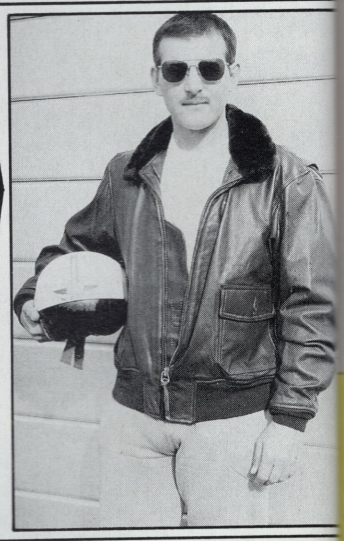

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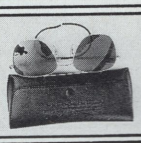

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WANTED!

She was slim, shapely and as eager for sex as I was. There was only one snag — a husband in the local CID. Suddenly my friends were joking about police surveillance and I was jumping at every knock on my door

Fiction by Sarah Veitch

I met her at the swimming baths, of all places. There was Christmas cold outside the glass; a light steam on the water. Then the steam was in me. One moment I was breast-stroking across the water, the next I was wishing I could stroke her breasts. Wet T-shirt contests be damned: no one else ever made a costume look so good.

I would have stored her away in my head for future fantasies, and never spoken, if the pensioners hadn't come in. Ten of them, hell bent on taking over every available litre. One of them sped past our corner, churning chlorine. Water sprung like sherbet into our nostrils. Aggression in grey.

'That's the first time I've seen the crawl become a sprint!' I quipped.

She grinned. 'You'd think by seventy they'd have nothing left to prove.' Her grin was warm. 'Don't you believe it. My grandfather recently joined an 18-30 Club!'

She laughed easily. She made me feel great. After we'd been swimming around for a while, I suggested a coffee. She looked at the swimming pool's clock. 'Sorry. Got to go.'

'Oh, well . . .' It seemed a bit belated now: 'I'm Gerard.'

'Jenny.' She paused. 'I'll be back at ten tomorrow. Maybe I'll see you then.'

She was. She did. We did a lot of laughing. And looking. She said she'd just finished studying dietetics as a mature student. These curves were definitely mature.

Conscious of the fact that she might have other commitments later, I quickly suggested a coffee. 'Love one,' she said. Ten minutes later, we met outside the Leisure Centre's cafeteria. CLOSED FOR REFURBISHMENT screamed the sign. Disappointment took up residence in my stomach. There wasn't another cafe in the vicinity. Unless . . .

'My flat's just round the corner.' I said. 'Though I'll understand . . .'

'Sounds fine.' she grinned. 'Anything for a Gold Blend.'

When we got to my place I was on my best behaviour. I mean, Jenny hardly knew me and was on alien ground. We sat across the table from

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR

each other, sipping instant. Her hair was dry now, a glorious chestnut shade. Dark eyes sent their gaze rambling over my decor. 'Hey, I love the photographs,' she said.

She walked over to the blow up prints on my walls.

'That expression! These shades of grey!'

'All my own work.' I smiled.

'You're professional?'

'Mostly. I work in a camera shop two days a week to help pay the bills.' I told her about my growing list of contacts, my plans.

'I've always admired people who are self-employed.' she said.

I nodded. 'It's what most people want — independence.'

She looked at me wryly. 'It's what most people fear!'

That baffled me a bit. I mean, she'd just completed a course she was interested in, was presumably career-bound, at least twenty-eight years of age.

'Why?' I started, but she cut in.

'Do you do glamour photography?'

'Some.'

She looked wistful. 'These eighteen year olds' figures are great.'

Hoping that I wasn't reading her wrongly, I took a deep breath.

'Yours is just as good.'

For a moment I thought she was going to change the subject — there seemed to be some internal battle going on. Then she tilted her head, and her gaze challenged mine.

'Want to see more of it?'

She didn't need to ask twice.

Even as she unbuttoned her blouse, I wasn't making any assumptions. It was all happening so quickly. Maybe she wanted me to take photos; maybe she was just being a tease.

It was a fast strip show. Soon she stood in her bra and panties, looking scared.

'What do you think?'

'Wonderful.' It was true.

We stared at each other, and she shivered: 'It's a bit cold in here.'

I wanted a rubber-stamped invitation. 'I could warm you up. . .?'

She stepped forward, into my arms.

Two minutes later, we were on the settee together. Her hips were frantic under mine. Breathing raggedly, I undid the front-fastening of her bra. Nirvana. I licked scented shower gel away.

I was so erect, it hurt. I pulled down her panties and pulled back. 'No!'

'Sssh, it's okay.' I slid down to pleasure her further. It was then I saw the string. 'I can't today.' she murmured, 'But we can still have fun.' Her hands went into my Y's, seeking, finding. Oh, Jesus. I pulled the damn things off myself. I had the feeling she hadn't done this for a while, but she was eager to learn.

It didn't take long. Up, down, up. . .I erupted over her breast and belly as she leaned forward. Moments later she put her hand on her clit.

Afterwards we lay there, holding, resting. After ten minutes, she looked at her watch. 'God, is that the time?'

Hurriedly she started pulling on her clothes. I dressed equally quickly. 'If you want a lift. . .'

'The coach depot, please. My bus leaves on the hour.'

When we got into my Renault, I really put my foot down. What's yours called? 'Illegal'. T kind of speed.

'Got a date?' I asked.

'No, got to prepare for an enormous party. husband hates it when the entertainment's right.'

'*Your husband?*' I came close to mowing do two pedestrians. Ringless hands: I'd chec them earlier. Still, some wives didn't wear th these days. I breathed in: 'Big bloke, is he?'

'You said it! He's in the CID.'

We screeched to a halt behind her bus and jumped out. Ignoring the glares of approaching traffic warden, I followed her. G that body, that hair.

'Will you be at the pool tomorrow?'

'No, in a fortnight. Tomorrow I'm taking a pl to Paris, visiting a girlfriend. I want to see before Christmas.'

She was married, unpredictable, trouble. there was so much about her I wanted to kn What had she done before college? Did she Mexican food? Had she ever made love stranger on a foreign beach?

She turned to me before she boarded her bus, I seized the moment to wrap my arms round waist. 'Wait for me. Don't go getting your seduced by some Frenchman,' I said.

'No danger. You're my first since Eric for years!'

I swelled with pride to hear it, and something swelled too.

'Till two weeks today, then,' I said softly, kiss her mouth. At the car, I turned and waved. waved back, then refocused, and waved to policemen parked behind me. They waved.

The truth dawned on all of us at the sa moment. I froze, they froze. I was no lon close enough to Jenny to see if she froze. Ch my number plate was visible for all to see, and just been kissing a CID officer's wife!

'Sounds like bad news,' Adam murmured, as sat in the pub that lunchtime. 'Very bad new Reginald agreed. He gazed round the interio the *Swan and Partridge*. 'In fact, that barma bust looks suspicious. Could be a hidden cam You're probably under twenty-four-h surveillance right now!'

'Nah, too complicated,' said Adam, 'The settle for watching his flat.'

I tried to act nonchalant as I strolled home fr the camera shop with my fish supper evening. Would six of them jump me on stairs, or, with unsubtle irony, would they p half a ton of Ecstasy in my flat?

I got in safely, but had no sooner upended tomato ketchup when there was a short, sharp at the door. I opened it a centimetre. The who stood there must have been all of five f

'Hi, we've just moved in next door, and phone isn't connected. My wife's pregnant desperate for a pizza. I've got a leaflet for delivery place. If I could just make a call.

'Sure. Come in.' I wondered if a few chips w keep her going, wandered back into the kitc to eat my tea.

A few minutes later he joined me. 'Thanks. left the ten pence by the phone.'

'Oh, you didn't have to do that.' He was standing there, as if he was waiting something.

'Um, I'll bet you have your work cut out clea that flat. It's been vacant for a year.' I said The previous occupant, a recluse who had n his letter box shut, had died there. They ha found the body for weeks. My new neighb

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OUR TOP 50 GIRLS OF THE YEAR

Going . . . going . . . gone — the first place in our mammoth bigger-than-ever 50 Girls of the Year goes to lovely auctioneer's assistant, **Charlotte Edwards** (previous page). She had lots of admirers bidding for her affections in Vol 24 No 4. Bidding wouldn't be enough to win the charms of **Topsy** (this page) — her admirers have to bend over backwards to impress this limboing lovely from Vol 24 No 3. 'Highly desirable property. Must be viewed' would run the blurb on estate agent **Charlotte Harding** (facing page, top) Vol 24 No 6. 'Impressive double-fronted features' describes Vol 24 No 6's **Stephanie Bews** (immediate right) the girl Bill Wyman didn't bonk. She didn't get any *Satisfaction* from Bill but she struck a chord with readers. Talking of striking cords, try this double view of **Berenice Outram** (centre and far right) from Vol 24 no 5. And a double helping in her own right is Page Three's **Debee Ashby** (bottom, centre) from Vol 24 No 10.

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'I'd give her a part any time,' said reader GB of aspiring actress **Annabel Stewart** (top left), from Vol 24 No 4. Another girl with big parts is *The Sun's* **Tracy Neve** (below left). We saw them in Vol 24 No 1. Behind the Iron Curtain we found **Ildiko Petre** (below). This Hungarian defected to us in Vol 24 No 3, while **Yvonne Currie** (opposite) was hot stuff in Vol 24 No 4.

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Vol 24 No 4.

Vol 24 No 10's **Christabel Jarvis** (facing page) told us she liked decorating in the nude — *not* a girl to give the brush off to. Neither was Anita Dobson lookalike **Hazel Collins** (right) from Vol 24 No 11 who claimed to be a white witch. She certainly beguiled readers, but some said they learned as much about sexual magic from singing student **Evaline Merrill** (below) from Vol 24 No 1 and Caracas cracker **Sandy Peres** (bottom) from Vol 24 No 6.

Good girls do it in racing cars — at least our rally fan **Elizabeth Good** (facing page) from Vol 24 No 10 does. Blooming lovely would sum up flower fan **Tracey Watkin** (bottom right) from Vol 24 No 5 and **Perky** from Vol 24 No 11 (bottom middle). She was named after *Pinky and Perky*, an apt description of the assets of **Linda Adams** from Vol 24 No 12 (right) and **Belinda Mitchell** (below) from Vol 24 No 3.

'Some of the views Down Under are stunning' one-time Australian emigrant **Melynda York** (main picture) proved to us in Vol 24 No 3. Equally stunning was green baize cue-tie **Yvette Mountjoy** (top left), daughter of snooker star Doug. We potted a few shots of her in Vol 24 No 2. From snooker tables to times tables, with two teachers in a class of their own. Primary school teacher **Philippa Andrews** (bottom right) was the sole of discretion and showed us everything but her feet in Vol 24 No 11, while **Susie Rushmore** (top right) our student teacher, chalked up her appearance in Vol 24 No 5. She bears further examination on page 129.

Pamela Hayle's (facing page) over-flowing jugs have men gasping for more down in Cornwall, but it's not only her generous 38D-26-38 measures, seen in Vol 24 No 1 that have that effect, but also her homebrew, Hayle and Hearty. Double measures, too, from **Sharon** and **Janet Hall** (immediately below). This mother and daughter set proved relative value in Vol 24 No 6. Below them, but not below par, is Tony Jacklin's birdie **Donna Methven** from Vol 24 No 1. She played a round with the golfing champion for three months, before this strip-tees. Also in championship form was **Kirsten Imrie** (right) from Vol 24 No 12. Now a Page Three girl, she got her nude modelling break in our pages.

Sewing enthusiast **Marlyn Lindsay** from Vol 24 no 8 (immediate right) swiftly stitched up the affections of readers, while ex-Miss Austria **Evelyn Rillé** (facing page, top right) made a splash in the same issue. Gardening expert **Fenella Robinson** (facing page, bottom right) from Vol 24 No 6 boasted strong 'green' views, but it was the view of her 'sensible' white knickers that, got to reader TH of Hull. 'Like my first girlfriend's,' he wrote. From Vol 24 No 5, Scots lass **Judith McKellan** (second right) lifted her kilt for us, and Paris-based **Danielle Barrault** (below) was definitely your favourite French connection.

Susan Fletcher (facing page) acted out her **Blue Lagoon** fantasies for us in Vol 24 no 2, and hooked many readers. Nurse **Rowena Clark** from Vol 24 No 4 (below right) offered an unusually fulsome bedside manner. Petite fruit-picker **Tina Morgan** (below left) from Vol 24 No 9 plucked at a lot of heart strings, as did Vol 24 No 3's compact video fan **Solange Lecarrio** (bottom left). **Veronica Dolcé** (bottom right) from Vol 24 No 1 was a Dutch treat.

'That's what I call regal baring,' said reader SH of lovely **Lesley Watts** (below left and right), our would-be princess from Vol 24 No 6. Reader KH too agreed, speaking highly of 'the hair apparent' of our lovely Lady Di admirer from Grantham. For many readers the crowning glory of Vol 24 No 5 was **Andrea Clark** (top left). Andrea, known to readers of a certain other men's magazine for her *Ask Andrea* column, willingly obliged when we called on her to do a set for us. She also told us of her ambitions to join the police force — it's a fair cop, guv! Equally arresting was **Rachel Clark** (top right) from Vol 24 No 12. Reader SS branded her our 'Have-it-a-weigh-day' special when the Edinburgh beauty weighed her boobs. She scaled the tips at 2lb 6oz.

'If you're sycamore young girls, why not go out on a limb for sexy Shelagh, and that's no oak!' quipped FM of Bolton, enthusing about the willowy form of 40-year-old **Shelagh Harrison** (facing page) in Vol 24 No 11. Other readers had designs on architect's secretary **Christina West** (above) from Vol 24 No 3. *Wonder Woman* fan **Toni Moray** (below right) from Vol 24 No 9 and **Eve Denning** (below left) whetted many appetites in Vol 24 No 8.

Game, set and match as we approach the end of this year's mammoth mammary marathon, and who better to begin our last spread with than tennis fan **Lucy Gresty** (above) from Vol 24 No 2? 'Love all' was also the verdict of our readers on three young ladies who had the advantage of us — our anonymous **Pub Fantasy** trio (below) from Vol 24 No 8. Last orders now, and just in time for a quick one — none other than **Leonora Lethbridge** (facing page), our Dream girl from Vol 24 No 12. And so ends our largest ever cavalcade of curves, our X-rated Xmas gift to gourmets of gorgeousness — our 50 Girls of the Year.

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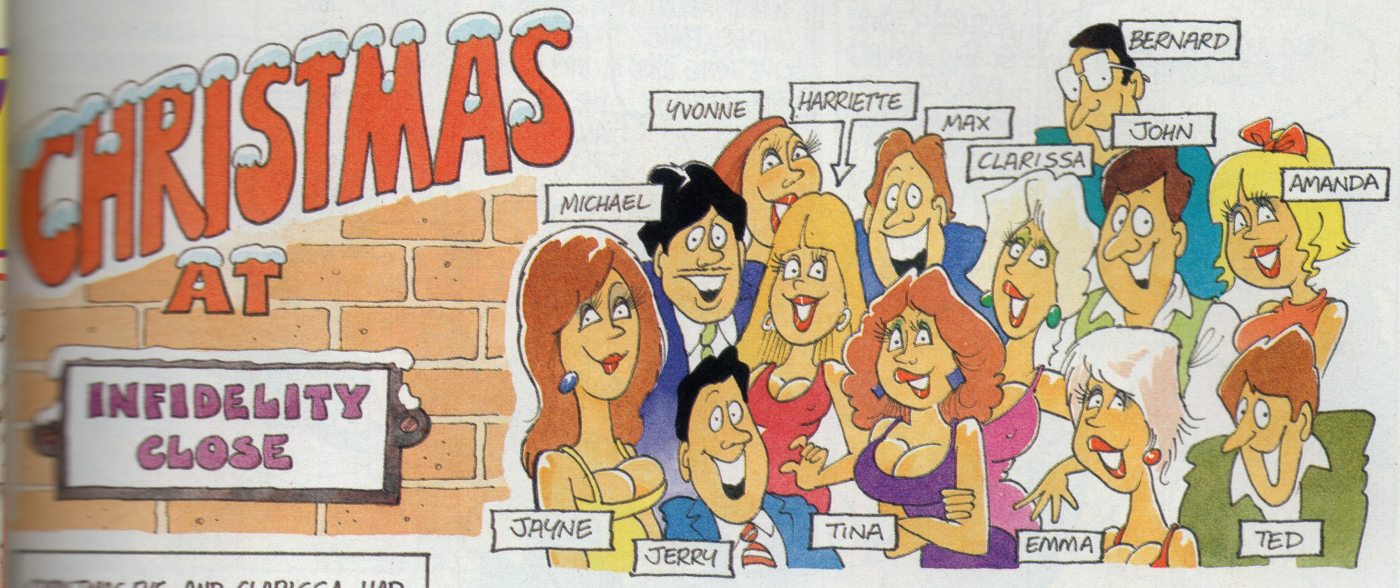
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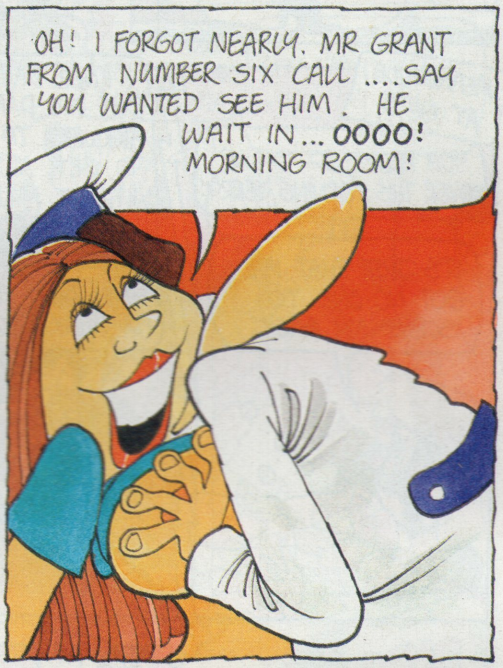
CHRISTMAS EVE, AND CLARISSA HAD JUST WOKEN. SHE WAS MAKING HER WAY DOWNSTAIRS WHEN SHE NOTICED YVONNE, THE AU PAIR!
I LOVE VERY MUCH YOUR QUAINT ENGLISH CUSTOMS, MRS HAMILTON ... GIGGLE!

...LIKE THE GIVING OF LITTLE TREAT TO TRADESMEN AT CHRISTMAS!
MIND THE SNOW ON THE CARPET, THERE'S A DEAR!


OH! I FORGOT NEARLY. MR GRANT FROM NUMBER SIX CALL ....SAY YOU WANTED SEE HIM. HE WAIT IN... OOOO! MORNING ROOM!

MICHAEL, DARLING... SO GLAD YOU COULD COME OVER. I WAS ...ER, WONDERING IF PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO OPEN YOUR PRESSIE A DAY EARLY!
RATHER!

I'M SURE I SAW MICHAEL COMING THIS WAY!

DRAT! THAT'S WHAT I WAS GOING TO GIVE HIM THIS YEAR!

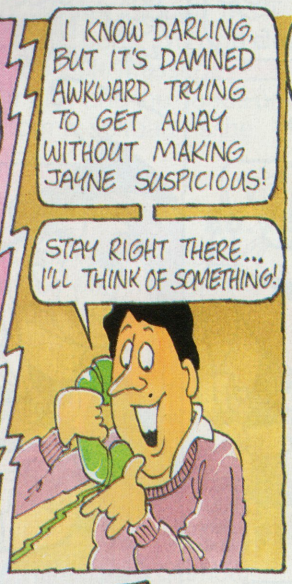
HELLO, AMANDA! LOOKING FOR CLARISSA?
EH? OH, HELLO MAX!

ACTUALLY, I'M GLAD I BUMPED INTO YOU. I'M HAVING A PROBLEM DECIDING WHAT TO GET CLARISSA FOR CHRISTMAS THIS YEAR! ANY IDEAS?

WHAT ABOUT UNDERWEAR? SOMETHING LIKE THIS PERHAPS?
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! LET'S GO INTO THE GARAGE AND DISCUSS THIS FURTHER!

WOULD YOU LIKE TO FEEL THE MATERIAL?
MMM! IT'S LOVELY AND SILKY, ISN'T IT?
AND NOTICE HOW SIMPLE IT IS TO UNDO THE BRA!
THE PANTIES SLIP OFF EASILY, TOO!
MMMM!
GROAN!

MEANWHILE, AT Nº 5
YOU PROMISED TO POP OVER THIS MORNING, JERRY!
IT'S JUST THAT I'VE GOT NO-ONE TO SCRUB MY BACK!

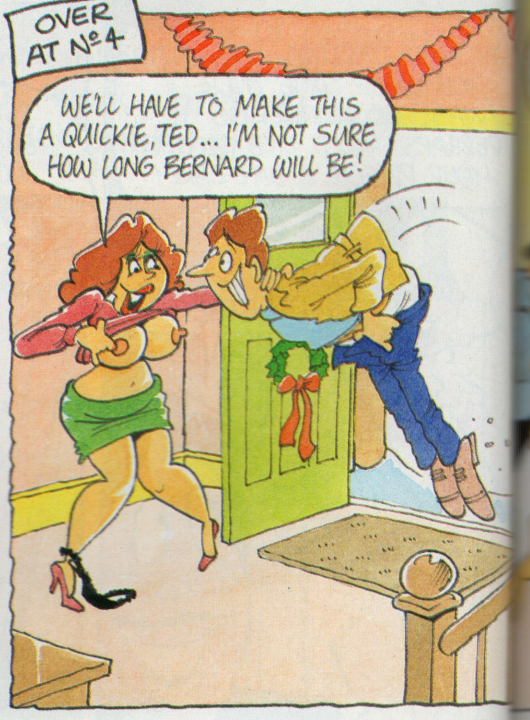

I KNOW DARLING, BUT IT'S DAMNED AWKWARD TRYING TO GET AWAY WITHOUT MAKING JAYNE SUSPICIOUS!
STAY RIGHT THERE... I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING!

AHEM! JUST OFF TO PLAY A FEW HOLES, DARLING!
THANK GOODNESS! I THOUGHT HE'D NEVER GO OUT!

A ROUND OF GOLF... IN EIGHT INCHES OF SNOW!

HELLO, JOHN? JERRY'S JUST LEFT. CAN YOU COME OVER RIGHT AWAY? I'VE DECIDED WHAT I WANT YOU TO GIVE ME FOR CHRISTMAS!

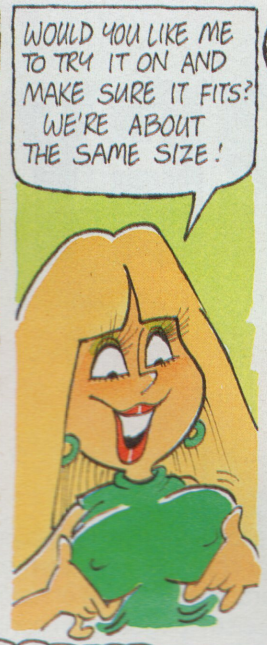
BACK AT Nº 5
AH! I CAN SEE HIM NOW GOING INTO NUMBER FOUR. PROBABLY WANTS A WORD WITH BERNARD ABOUT TONIGHT'S PARTY!
TED SHOULD BE BACK SOON. YOU'D BETTER BE GOING!

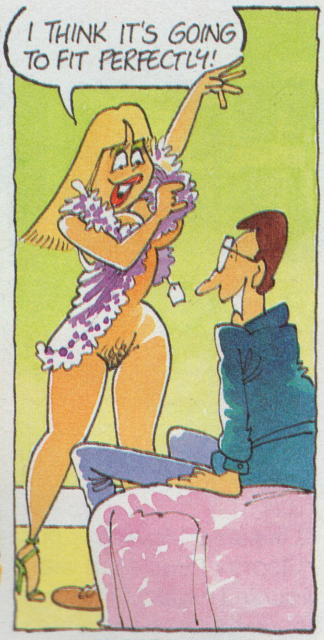

OVER AT Nº 4
WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE THIS A QUICKIE, TED... I'M NOT SURE HOW LONG BERNARD WILL BE!

MMM! IT'S
OVELY AND
ILKY, ISN'T IT
HE PANTIES
SLIP OFF
ASILY, TOO!
GROAN!

AND AT Nº 3
HELLO HARRIETTE. LOOK, I WAS WONDERING IF I COULD HIDE TINA'S PRESENT AT YOUR HOUSE? SHE'S BOUND TO FIND IT AT HOME!
OF COURSE YOU CAN, BERNARD!

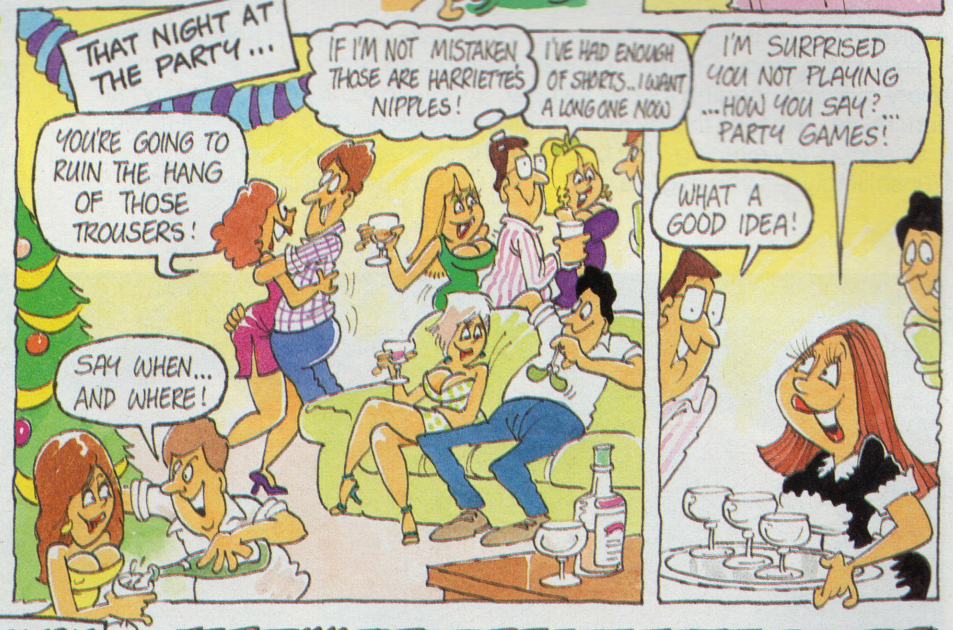
IT'LL BE SAFE IN MY BEDROOM! WHAT HAVE YOU BOUGHT HER?
A NIGHTIE!


WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO TRY IT ON AND MAKE SURE IT FITS? WE'RE ABOUT THE SAME SIZE!


I THINK IT'S GOING TO FIT PERFECTLY!

OF GOLF...
CHES OF SNOW

MMM... YES! IT DOES!


THAT NIGHT AT THE PARTY...
YOU'RE GOING TO RUIN THE HANG OF THOSE TROUSERS!
SAY WHEN... AND WHERE!
IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN THOSE ARE HARRIETTE'S NIPPLES!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF SHORTS... I WANT A LONG ONE NOW
I'M SURPRISED YOU NOT PLAYING ...HOW YOU SAY?... PARTY GAMES!
WHAT A GOOD IDEA!

ALL THE CHAPS THROW THEIR KEYS ON THE FLOOR!

A MAD SCRAMBLE ENSUED....
PLEASE LET IT BE JOHN!
MICHAEL OR MAX... I'M NOT FUSSY!
I HOPE IT'S BERNARD. I HAVEN'T DONE IT WITH HIM YET!

DING DONG!
EH? WE'VE ALL PICKED OUR OWN HUSBAND!
OOOO! I HOPE THAT'S ANOTHER TRADESMAN!

GEORGY in the GYM

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HUBERT TOYOT

'Like anything else, sex has to be worked at,' says 23-year-old Georgina ('Georgy') Buckland with her characteristic unemotional expression. 'You wouldn't expect to run a marathon on a diet of hamburgers and chocolate bars, never taking any exercise nor getting in condition. Sex ought to be similar.' Georgy is a very serious young woman, who prides herself on the state of her body. She has a harsh self-imposed regime — rising at six every morning, jogging for half an hour, cycling to work, then swimming at lunchtime. She tops this gruelling routine off with an hour's workout at the gym every evening. 'My body is the proverbial temple,' she says unsmilingly. As you might expect, it attracts an awful lot of worshippers.

YM
DY BUILDI
MAJERA

'I have a specially drawn up programme, intended to tone up all my muscles equally,' says Durham-born Georgy. 'I would hate my body to develop disproportionately.' She takes her body very seriously, keeping a strict diet, and drinking no alcohol. 'Until I was 18, I was much more free and easy,' she remembers, 'smoking, eating fast food and taking no exercise. Then I suddenly became aware of my body, and of the rewards properly maintaining it.' In short, Georgy discovered the joys of boys, and although never promiscuous, she resolved to keep in tip-top physical condition to maximise the sexual pleasure of her partner and, equally importantly, herself. She sees her 36-24-36 inch body as a finely tuned sexual instrument. 'I'm forever looking for the perfect duet partner,' she says with a rare display of humour. She's not a solo performer, then? 'Not really,' she says earnestly, 'though there are certain exercises a girl has to do to ensure that *all* her muscles remain firm and supple.'

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Georgy's pre-occupation with her body, and her willingness to discuss frankly and freely, rather obscures other aspects of her personality. Wha for instance, of her mind? 'It takes a great deal of mental discipline to kee your body to such a demanding routine,' she points out. Beyond that sh doesn't claim any great cultural interests. She does however like music, b only a very rhythmic fast-moving type — music you can work out to. 'I'm great believer in nude aerobics,' she says. 'I'd love to set up a class for for women only though.' What about men? 'I'm sure they'd work up qu an impressive sweat just watching,' she says with a ghost of a smile.

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CIRUELO

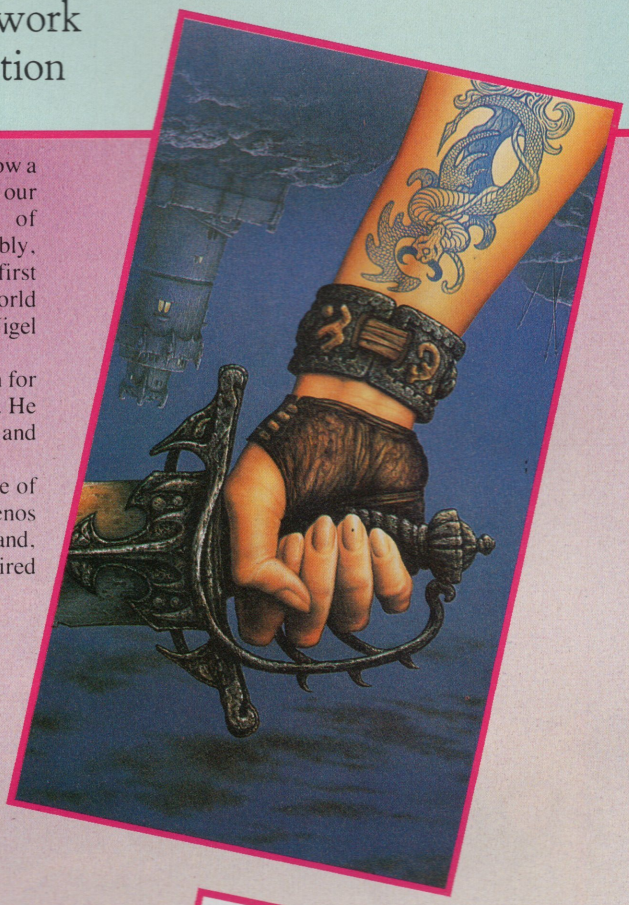
-THE FANTASTIC

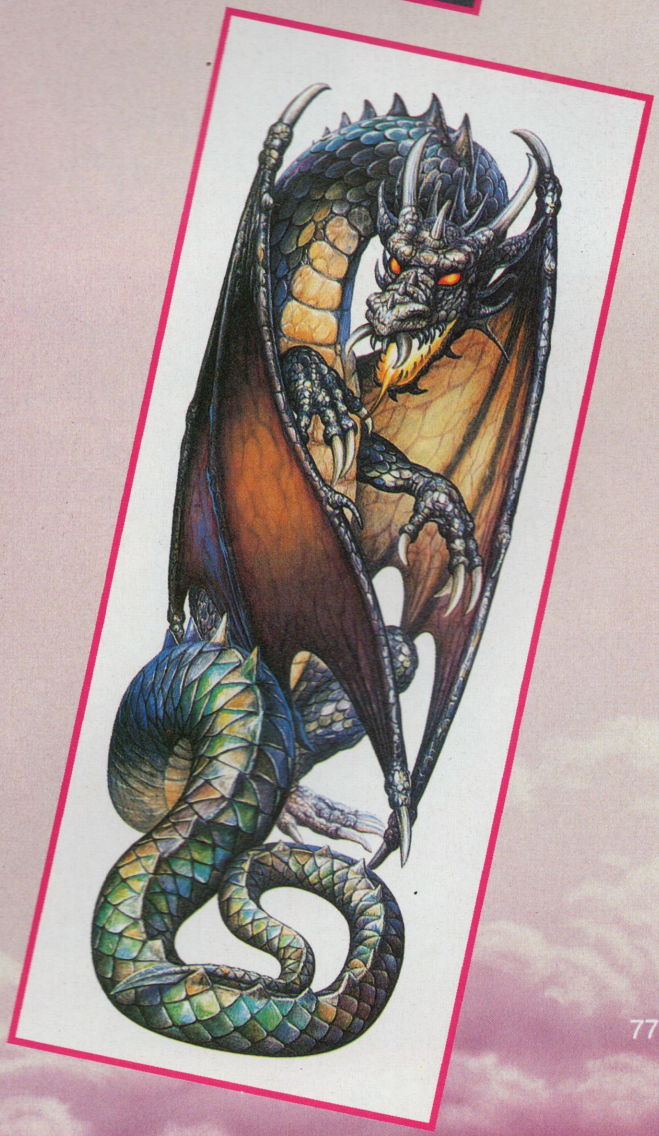
How can a colour-blind 23-year old Argentinian be taking the fantasy art world by storm? As his first collection goes to print, we preview the startling work of Ciruelo, and discover where he finds his inspiration

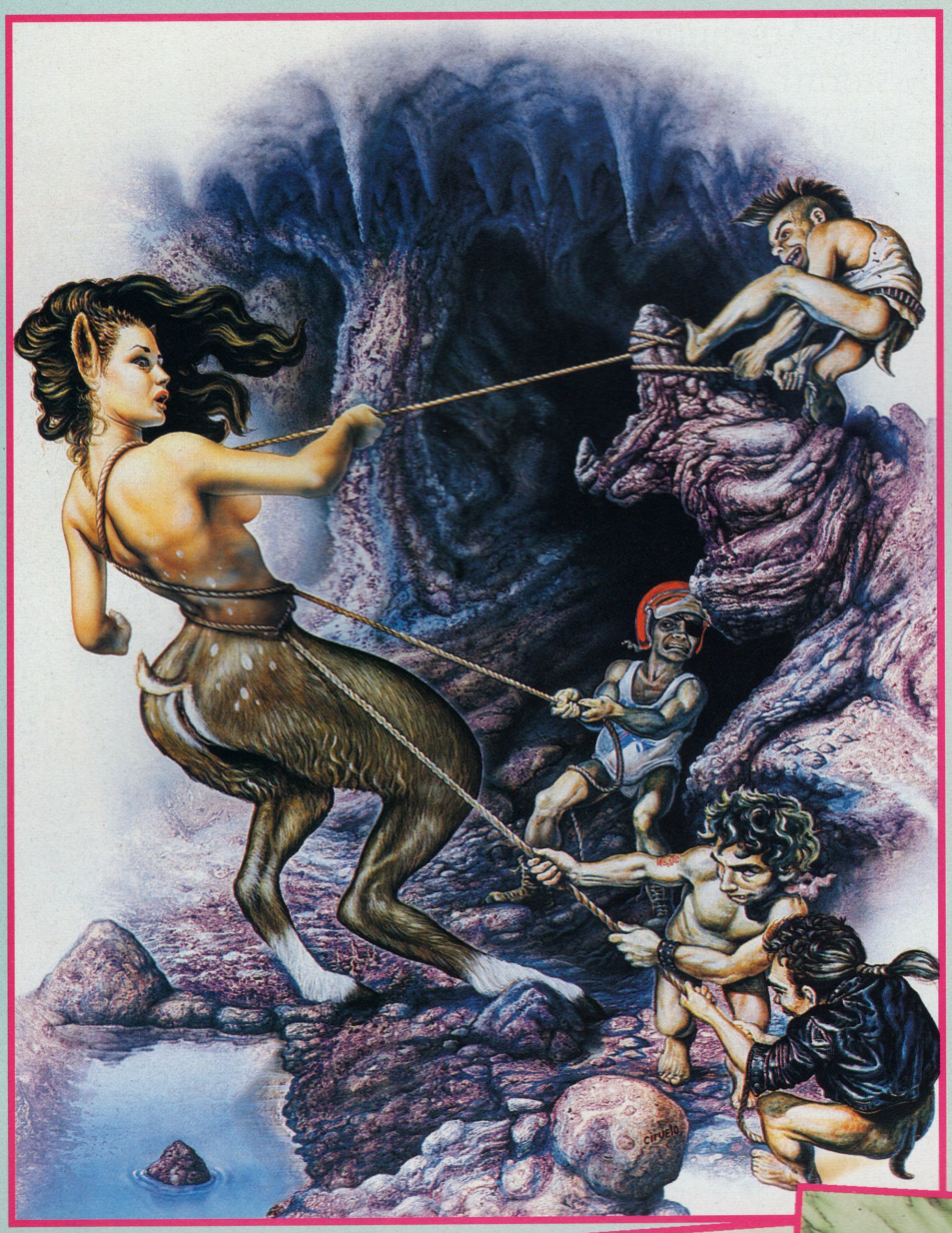
Every so often a piece of artwork lets us know a major new talent has arrived. Such was our reaction to the stunning fantasy art of Argentinian artist Ciruelo Cabral. Remarkably, this 23-year-old has just had his self titled first collection published (*Ciruelo*, Dragon's World £16.95 hardback, £9.95 paperback, text by Nigel Suckling).

Ciruelo (his name derives from the Spanish for plum tree) left his native Argentina in 1987. He came to Spain with only his 'wife, airbrush, and guitar' in tow, and settled in Barcelona.

The young artist gained his first experience of illustration in an advertising agency in Buenos Aires. Finding his talents very much in demand, he soon went freelance. However, he soon tired







of the low rates of pay and 20 hours a day w
routine required of Argentinian illustrator
It was this disillusionment that led him to Sp
Here he hoped better rates of pay and, more
time would enable him to try out some of his
ideas. It is the bulk of these ideas which mak
this first collection.

Among his influences, Ciruelo lists the Br
illustrator Roger Dean. Many will be fam
with Dean's work on album covers for seve
rock bands, like *Yes*.

The artist has one major complaint abou
commissioned work — current design fash
in Spain discourage the use of figures on
covers and the like. Consequently, he has
little opportunity to indulge one of his pass
— painting women. This is one of the thing
has led to Ciruelo making them a constant su
of his own work, his 'free work' as he term
Of course another factor may be the presen
his wife, Daniela, inspiration and model
many of his fantasy women.

Other inspiration come from the techniq
marbling. Originally this method of desig
which a random mixture of oil, water and
sprinkled onto a piece of paper and then bl
with another, was used to create colourful
papers for handbound books. Ciruelo recog
in it a means of stimulating his imagination
now many of his most striking images star
this way. The process is simple — once

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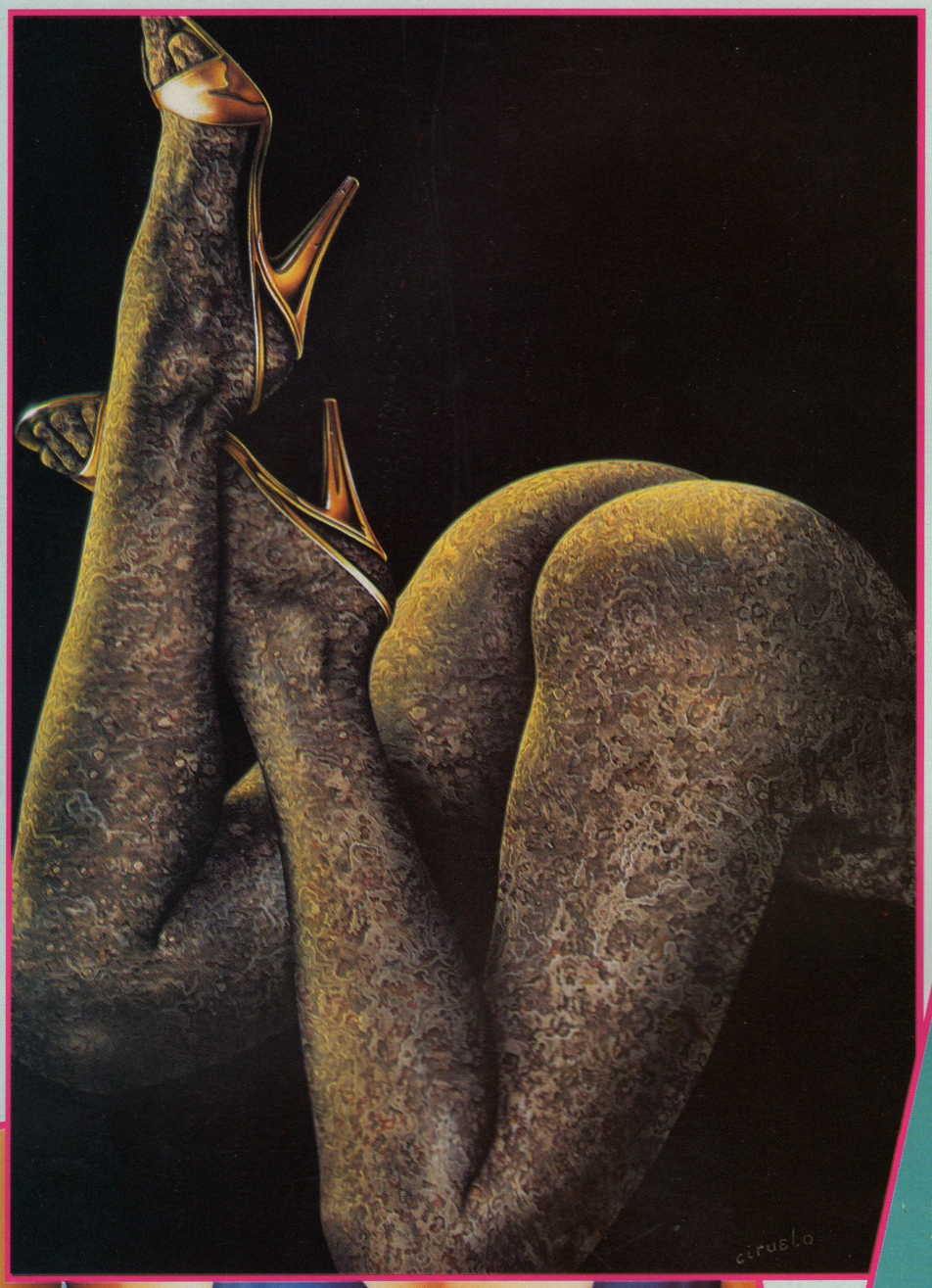

swirling colours are arranged, Ciruelo r
and adapts the images suggested to him. H
works them up into finished artwork.
The colourful and bright results are all the
remarkable when you realise the artist is ac
colour blind. 'I cannot see shades,' he conf
Instead he depends on his carefully docum
back catalogue of colours and c
combinations, built up from other pe
reactions and comments to his work. His
herself an illustrator, is often called on for
This disability, once a closely kept secret fo
of losing work, has not prevented him
becoming a much sought after illustrator, b
his native Argentina, and now in Spain. De
his success as an illustrator of other pe
ideas, it is those that come from his
imagination that interest him most. It is th
has led him into writing and illustrating a gr
fantasy novel of his own, entitled *Mag*
Tolkienesque tale of underearth dwellers.
Hopefully, this first collected volume wil
the way for more of his own work to see the
of day, and earn him international recogn

All illustrative material © Ciruelo Cabral
from the book Ciruelo, *published @ £*
(paperback) £16.95 (hardback) by Dra
World, 26 Warwick Way, London SW1V.

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Ciruelo Cabral
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WANTED

continued from page 42

mightn't know that, and I wasn't going to be the one to tell tales.

'Well, hope you enjoy settling in,' I said, feeling fraudulent.

'Right. Thanks.' To my relief, he, at last, made moves to go.

'Oh, I hope you don't mind cats on the landing,' he added as he undarkened my doorway. 'We've got two.'

That night, Jenny called me from a payphone. 'Yes, the dinner party's over. I felt in need of fresh air.'

'You're in luck. I have an ioniser.'

'She giggled drunkenly. 'No can do. I'm catching an early flight tomorrow. I've to be up at six.'

'Jen, about your husband . . .'

'Damn. My phone card's used up,' she murmured. 'We'll talk about him when I get back.'

The following lunchtime at the pub I was happier. 'See — no bruises.'

'They'll probably put something in your water supply,' Adam said.

'Then I'll stick to Perrier,' I muttered. I just about could: my photography bookings were up.

'Nothing out of the ordinary happen yet?' asked Reggie. He loved a story with a difference.

'No. Except I've got new neighbours next door.'

'In that midden! Who . . .?'

' A couple. I 've only seen the man so far. He's got two cats and a pregnant wife.'

'So he says,' muttered Reggie.

'No, really. I saw the tabby on the stairs.'

'Probably from Rent-a-Cat,' Reggie said.

The next few days passed uneventfully, though the nights were awash with extraordinarily potent dreams. 'See you in two weeks — no strings,' she'd said, and laughed throatily. The time was passing slow.

To take my mind off Jenny, I decided to have a good night out, a pre-Yuletide binge with my fellow lens lookers. Six of us managed eight pints and a gigantic curry apiece. We walked into *The Ganges* feeling tired and hungry, staggered out feeling ace, not minding the December cold.

Everyone started murdering this already awful football song, while Reggie settled for a chorus of *My Way*. He stopped doing it his way when he saw the car. Four police officers. Big buggers. Definitely not music fans. We tried to meander quietly past, but were stopped. Or rather I was.

'An incident along the road. You seem to aswer the description.'

The curry in my stomach grew cold. 'We'll wait for you here,' said Reggie, taking up a stance beside the wall.

'If you'd rather talk in the privacy of the car . . .?' said the first officer.

'No,' said Reggie. 'He'd rather stay with his mates.'

I looked at him with such love they probably thought we were gay. Then I remembered why this was happening. They knew I wasn't. They thought I'd been screwing Eric's wife!

They spent a few minutes checking my hair and clothes for glass: obviously some shop window had been rearranged.

Then they said I could go. We walked up the road feeling shaky. None of us felt like singing any more.

A few days later, I got a postcard. 'Gerry, I'm counting the days . . .' So was I. Danger lurked round every corner; my photos were all shadows and shades. I won a prize for the m atmospheric poster in a competition depic street crime. As a wanted man my indiges had never been so bad, and my work had n been so good.

Man cannot live on nerves alone. When the of our rendezvous came round I was ready to her it was over. I didn't want to say so in bathing trunks, so got down early to the po looked down into the water.

Damn, she was even earlier.

I entered the changing rooms with a he heart.

She swam up to me as soon as I jumped into water. Reluctantly I pushed her away. generous mouth became petulant: 'Wh wrong?'

'You're married — that's what's wrong!'

To my amazement, she began to laugh.

'In name only — there's been nothing betw Eric and me for years. He's had someone else three! We agreed last summer that our marri was effectively over, but he said I could h around till I finished my course and found a jo I blinked. It couldn't be that easy.

'What's in it for him?'

'An excuse not to marry his mistress, and endlessly helpful hostess!' She sobered sligh

'Eric and I were good for a while, but we mar too young. I want to *live* again. That's why I the course, went to Paris. Becoming indepen takes time!'

'And the job?'

'I've got a second interview at the new He Club, and a friend has already offered me a ro in her flat.' She moved closer, and this tim didn't pull away.

I doubt if the changing rooms had ever s people shower so fast. We couldn't wait to back to my King Size, and work up a *real* n for a shower!

She was as keen as I was. She met me in the fo wearing a pencil skirt. I couldn't see the line her briefs underneath. She followed my ga

'Stuff them. They're in my bag!'

I started telling her something of what had be happening as we hurried along the road. 'Str harassment? Five foot CID officers?' It soun ridiculous when repeated back at me.

Arms round each other, we laughed till it hur walk. Or maybe it wasn't the laughter that ma it hurt. Her words were trilling through my he like a song lyric: no strings. No strings — jus hot, wet wanting, waiting to be filled.

She turned to me as we walked into the fl

'Where do your models do it?' Most of the didn't, though one had made it clear she'd li more than her photos touched u

'We don't need to swing from the lights,' I s gently. 'Let's just liven up the bed.' She rela against me.

'Sorry, I'm out of practice. I didn't want you think I was dull.'

Sex is like riding a bike — you never forg Recall came to her quickly as I moulded hands to her contours, palmed waist and butto and breasts. Moaning, she lifted her skirt-clot rear from the bed. I edged the silk down slow revealing chestnut pubic hair. Unzipping her t I found further wonders. Gently I removed lacy half-cups of bra, prepared to spend a lo time pleasuring her breasts.

I didn't have to. Moments after I began flick my tongue over each elongating nipple, breathing became harsher in my ears. 'I love way you do that,' she whispered, her fing

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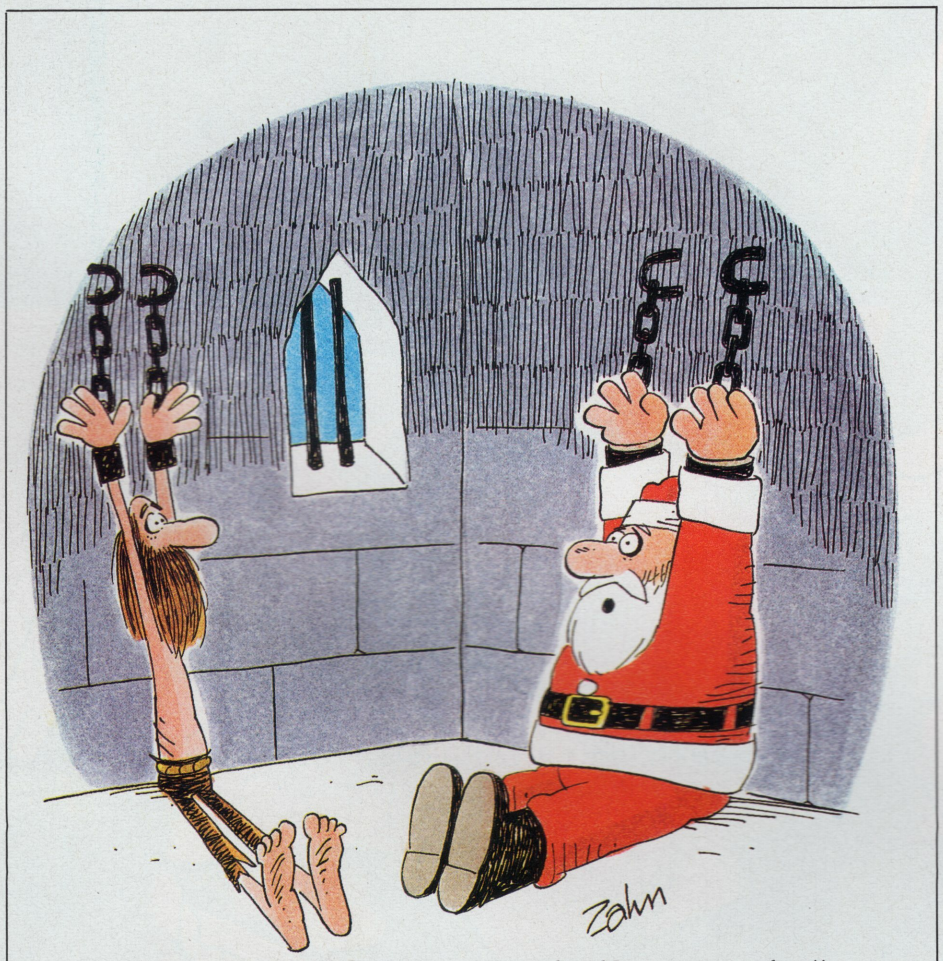

'They caught me flying over their country and said I was spying on them!'

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Sharon

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOANIE ALLUM

Nineteen-year-old Sharon Hawthorne has come a long way since we first featured the London born beauty in Vol 25 No 8. That was her first ever modelling assignment after being discovered in a shop near her home by a talent spotting photographer. Now this classic-looking 36B-24-34 inch blonde is regularly in demand for modelling assignments. 'You could say that this chance meeting changed my life,' she says. 'Before I got my modelling break I used to work in an advertising agency, and although it was fun, I really prefer modelling.'

One of the most noticeable changes in Sharon since she started her career is her new found confidence. 'I used to be terribly shy and secretive at school, and would blush at the slightest thing. Now I can't believe how confident I am. I think it comes with people believing in you.'

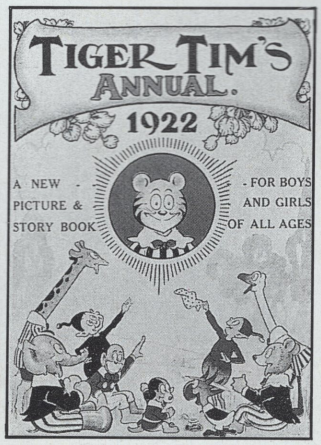
Sharon's brimming confidence was highlighted at the October Tory Party Conference in Bournemouth, when she stood outside a meeting discussing top-shelf magazines in nothing but stockings, suspenders, and a raincoat!

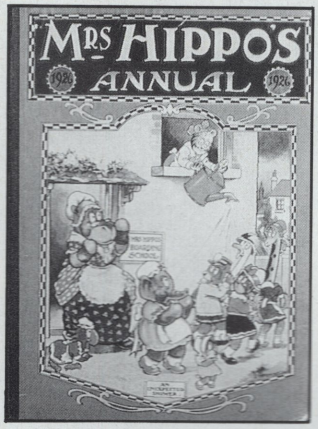
'The point I was trying to make is that glamour magazines like *Mayfair* do people no harm. It's innocent fun, and they shouldn't be banned or censored.' Sharon admits she got some funny stares as she stood outside the meeting holding her banner. 'It was a little cold, and I had to huddle under a coat, but I think people got the point. I wouldn't hesitate in doing it again if I had to.' With all the work she's been doing recently, Sharon hopes to take a breather on the run up to Christmas. 'It's always a hectic time, especially with all the socialising, but I wouldn't miss it for the world. The only problem is I always leave my Christmas shopping to the last minute as per usual.'

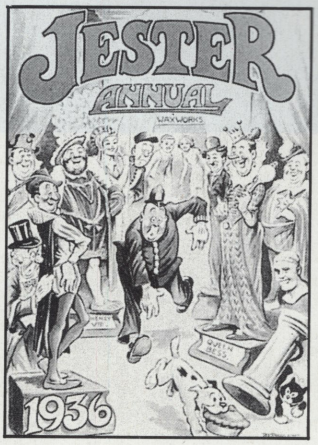
MAYFAIR Girl of the month

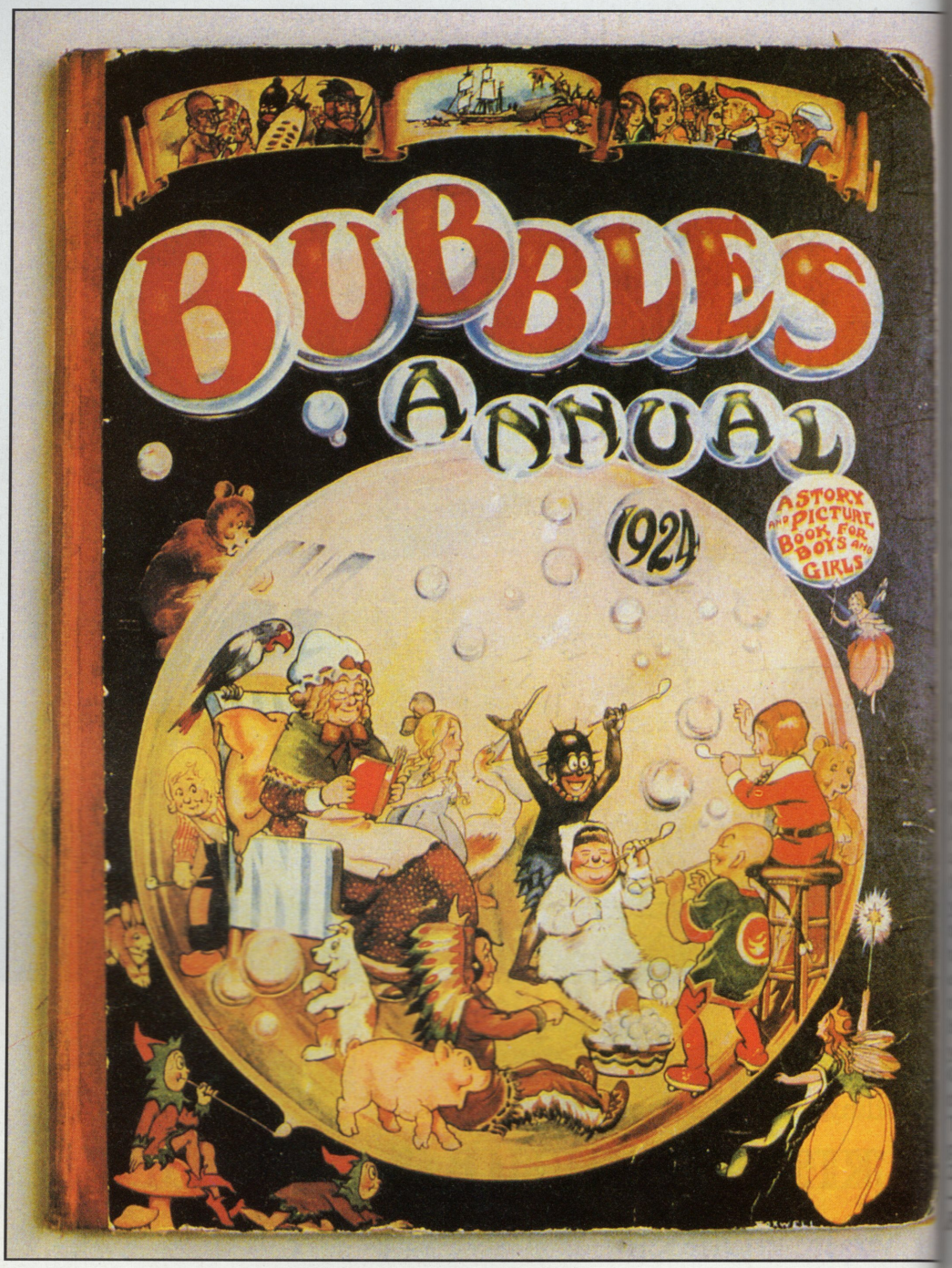
Sharon Hawthorne

For over 160 years a boy's favourite Christmas present has been the comic annual — that colourful compendium of games, puzzles and the exploits of characters like Tiger Tim, Rupert and Rockfist Rogan. Now collectors prize them, paying up to £700 for rare copies









. . . and now for our bit of ANNUAL nostalgia

By Clive Harris

As a child, Christmas offered many joys — and a few fears. There were presents and sweets galore, of course, but also the unpleasant prospect of Granny with the hairy lip giving you her Christmas kiss! And there was that long boring bit in the evening, when the adults sat back drunkenly and talked. It was then that solace could be found between the hard covers of my comic annual.

Inside could be found the latest 'japes and capers' of my comic heroes, and exploits of daredevils like Dan Dare, not just once, as in the weekly edition, but over and over again. As a child, it was almost too much to bear, *Eagle, Beano, Dandy, Wham!* and *Dr Who*, I had them all at one time or other. Where are they now? In the hands of collectors, and worth anything up to £700 a shot!

As high on nostalgia as I was as a child at the heady prospect of five Bash Street Kid strips in one book, these collectors scour not only specialist shops but car boot and jumble sales in search of a 1938 *Film Fun Annual* (worth between £75 and £100), a pre-1940 *Dandy Monster Comic* (worth anything up to £700) or an equally valuable 1936 *Rupert*. But few do it for the money — it's a chance to recapture their youth. The musty smell of yellowed paper, and the bent corners of the fading stiff cover, returns them at once to the innocent days when the only excitement to be had on page three was filling in the 'This book belongs to . . .' box in your best handwriting with the new pen hairy Gran gave you for Christmas!

Children's annuals have been published for more than 150 years, and collected for nearly as long. The first annual purely for youngsters was published in 1828. *The Christmas Box* offered 200 seven by four-inch pages of historical

Pictures from 'The Children's Annual' (Boxtree, £16.95) by Alan Clark

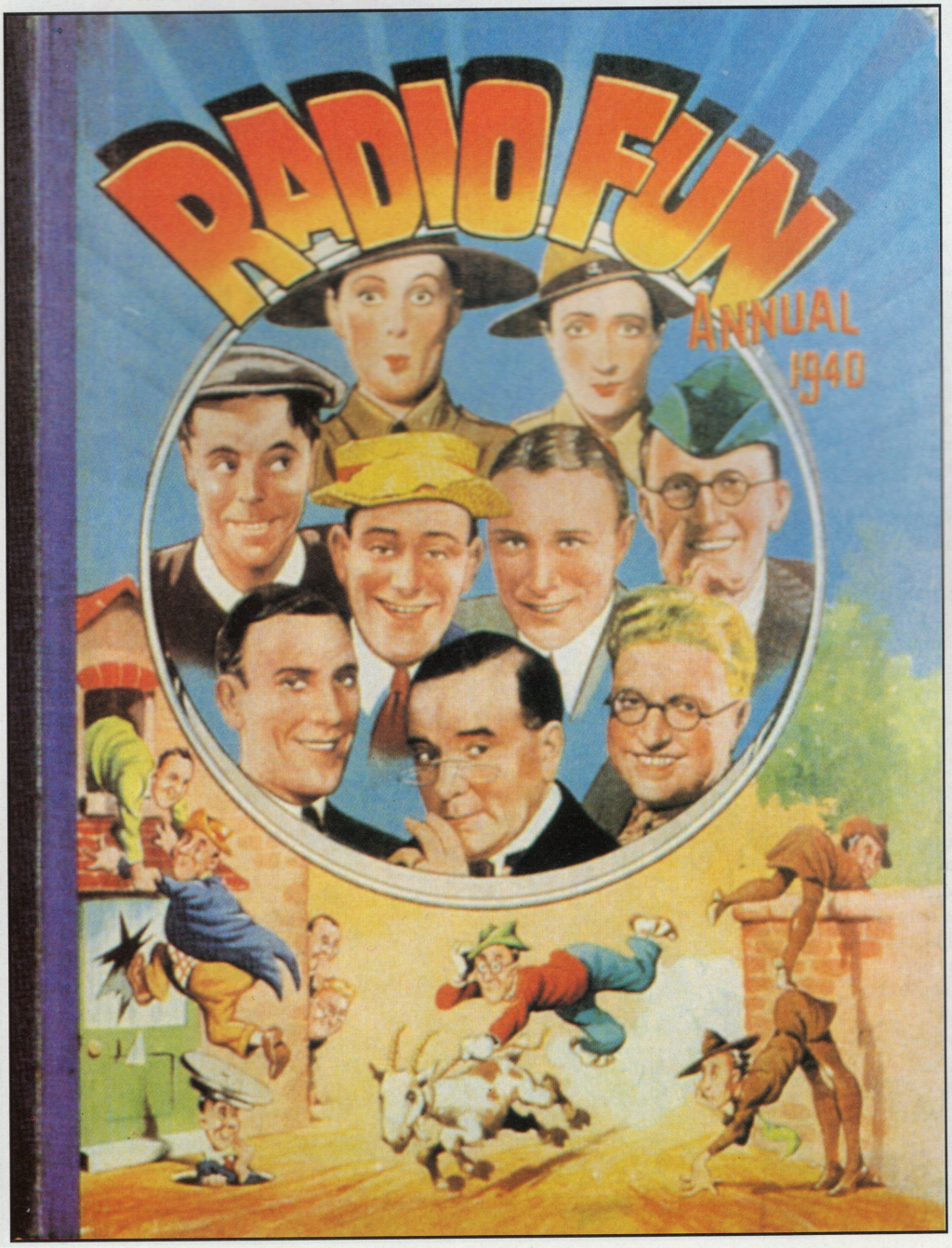
adventures, tales of lost orphans, moralistic verse and a few colour plates — not exactly *Whizzer and Chips*. It lasted just four years during which time *The Excitement* (1830) had appeared, containing no religious dogma, but purely adventures to 'rouse the most slothful mind', as editor Adam Keys put it. Sadly, Keys was ahead of his time. Such role models would not appear for decades yet, and puritanical pressure had him ousted.

The first annuals to really catch on were *Peter Parley's* series. The original Parley was an American writer, Samuel Goodrich, but *Peter Parley's Tales of America* proved so popular several publishers 'borrowed' the pseudonym, including Simkin Marshall who offered *Peter Parley's Annual: A Christmas and New Year's Present for Young People* in 1840. Bound in red cloth with colour plates and steel engravings by the best artists of the day, the series ran until 1892, by which time colour printing had transformed annual production.

Peter Parley was the exception, however. Victorian children got little 'fun' from their annuals. Most in the mid-1850s were strongly religious. *The Children's Friend* for instance (first published 1860) told only of the value of hard work and how. 'lying lips were an abomination to the Lord'. But by the end of the century, almost every publisher was offering an annual of some kind including *The Prize* (starting 1863), *Our Darlings* (1868), *Little Folks* (1863) and *Every Boy's Annual* (1878) and *Every Girl's Annual* (1879). It was also in 1879 that one of the best known annuals started to appear. *The Boy's Own Annual*, published by the Religious Tract Society, was not as dour as its publisher's name might suggest. Indeed, both Jules Verne and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle provided contributions along with, in the first edition, Captain Webb's 'How I Swam the Channel'. The mix of adventure and information proved highly successful. The annuals continued until 1940 when wartime paper shortage stopped them. They were revived briefly as late as 1964.

Boy's Own changed the role of the annual. Adventure and humour were in. *Chums* started in 1892, and offered a robust diet of sport and adventure for 50 years. Ally Sloper, a g swilling layabout prone to 'sloping off' wh there was any work to be done, provided com in such annuals as *Ally Sloper's Christ Holidays*, whilst the much more respect *Father Tuck's Annual* was even read by roya Annuals were fast becoming an institution in the early 20th century, this was reflecte their titles. *The Empire Annual for B* (1909-33). *British Boy's Annual* (1911-29) *British Girl's Annual* (1911-1929) explo patriotism and sexism! Boys were given ju adventures, motor racing stories and article building radio masts. The girls had to make with romanticised history and making presents for relatives.

The early 20th century saw the launch Amalgamated Press who turned ann production into an industry. They produced first one in 'comic' form (containing humo cartoon characters in strips), namely the *Play Annual*, starring Tiger Tim, in 1909. They were responsible for *The Holiday Annual Boys and Girls* and *The Greyfriars Annual*



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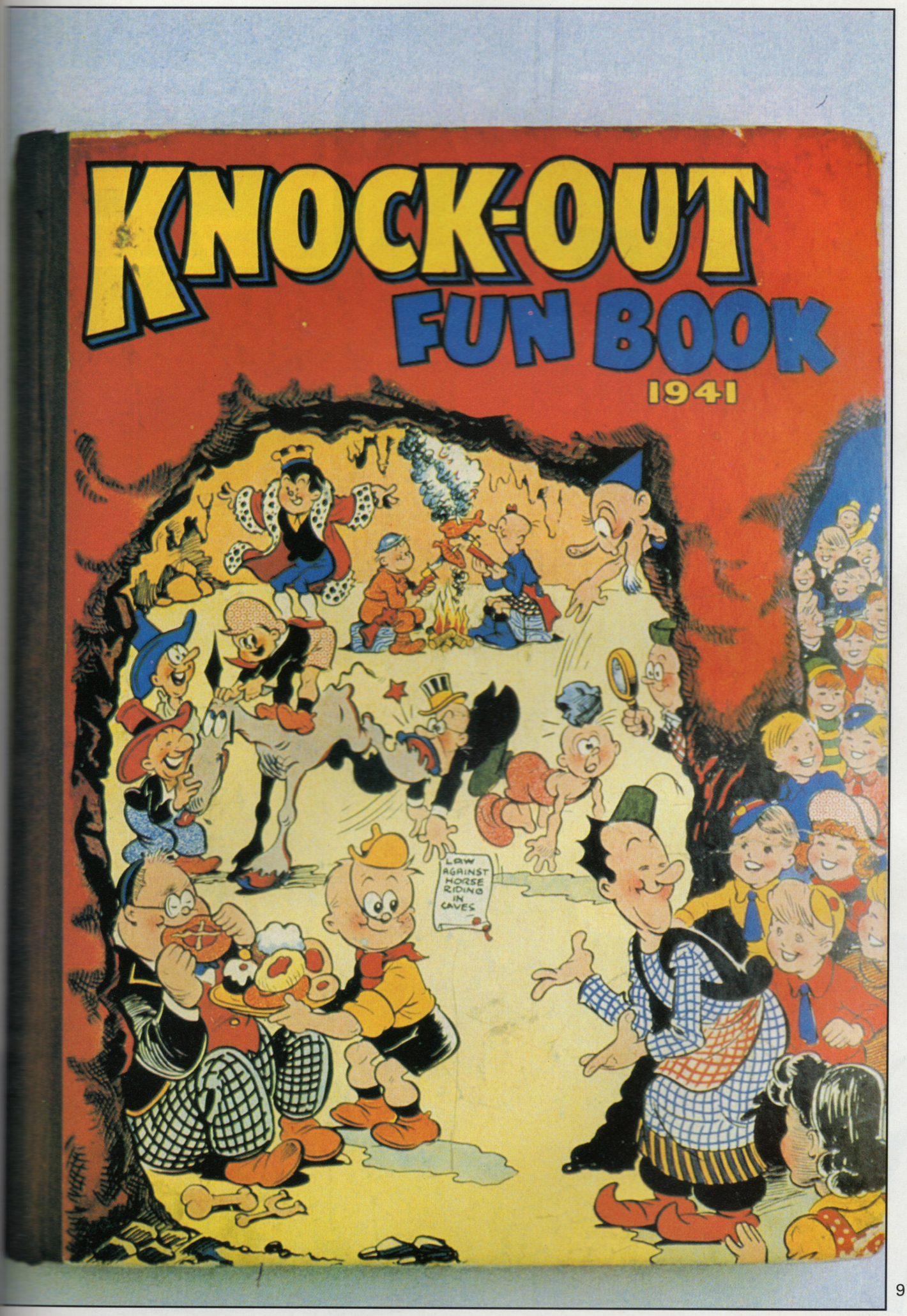

EAGLE

ANNUAL 1973

A FLEETWAY ANNUAL

Boys and Girls, featuring the work of Charles Hamilton, better known as Frank Richards, creator of Billy Bunter. Perhaps less well known is his female alter ego Hilda Richards, author(ess) of Bessie Bunter, the equally sizable sister of the 'Fat Owl'. This was the first really successful female character, and other AP annuals for girls followed. *Schoolfriends* and *Schoolgirl's Own Annual* similar offered public school years, but starring young ladies whose jolly hockey sticks were brandished until the Second World War.

One of the biggest successes between the wars was Tiger Tim, now allowed his own annual. As well as appearing in strips, the stylish, almost sophisticated, tiger appeared in text stories luxuriously bordered with florid graphics and, naturally, holly, crackers and plum puddings. There was barely room for Tim's chums, the naughty Bruin Boys, forever misbehaving in the classroom, and the Brownie Boys, Archie Artichoke, Dicky Dandelion and Willie Buttercup.

Much was Tiger Tim's popularity that the Rainbow annual also featured his adventures. But AP were the first to realise not every child liked the animal, so they created their own 'rival' chums. More gentle in style, this included the now somewhat racist Bunty Boys (Ching from China, Snowball the Eskimo, Hans the Dutchboy and Redwing the American Indian), religious tales, more schoolroom antics, this time from the Merry Boys of Mr Croc's school, plus 'Peeps into Fairyland', and Dick True the Boy Detective. A comic for wimps? Perhaps!

Other successes of the twenties and thirties were *Chuckles Own* (where ev-er-y syll-a-ble was hy-phen-at-ed for easier reading), hobby annuals like *Modern Boys*, and long forgotten names like Jesters, Jesters, and Jingles.

Film and radio characters were beginning to become popular too, so the annuals featured their adventures as well. Best known are *Film Fun* (produced from 1939-1961) and *Radio Fun* (1940-1960), but some stars were so big, if not physical stature, as to warrant their own. *Arthur Askey's Annual*, written by 'big-hearted' Arthur himself, appeared as early as 1940. The reason for the diminutive comedian's popularity was *Bandwaggon*, the show where Arthur and Richard 'Stinker' Murdoch claimed to be living in a flat on the top of Broadcasting House. With a cast of ludicrous characters like Nausea and Bagwash created 'in vision' for the first time and packed full of Arthur's cheeky humour always aimed at pomposity, it was a winner.

The formula was continued with *Radio Fun*. As well as Askey, the band of 'crazy broadcasters' included Sandy Powell, Tommy Trinder, Tommy Handley and Wilfred 'Have-a-go' Pickles. Excitement was provided by no less than James Cagney in comic strip form and cowboy Tex Ritter. The last *Radio Fun* annual in 1960 featured Benny Hill, Norman Wisdom, Lonnie Donegan, Hilda Baker and the Beverley Sisters. Others 'merged' with *Buster* and the mantle of providing cartoon strip versions of famous people's adventures passed to *TV Comic*. Today *Buster Fun* continues the tradition by providing horror characters, for example, Frankie Stein, a bungling but well-meaning offspring of Mary Shelley's creation.

A character who went from comic strip to TV and film, rather than the other way round, was Rupert the Bear. After literally popping-up in the *Daily Express Children's Annuals* of 1930 and

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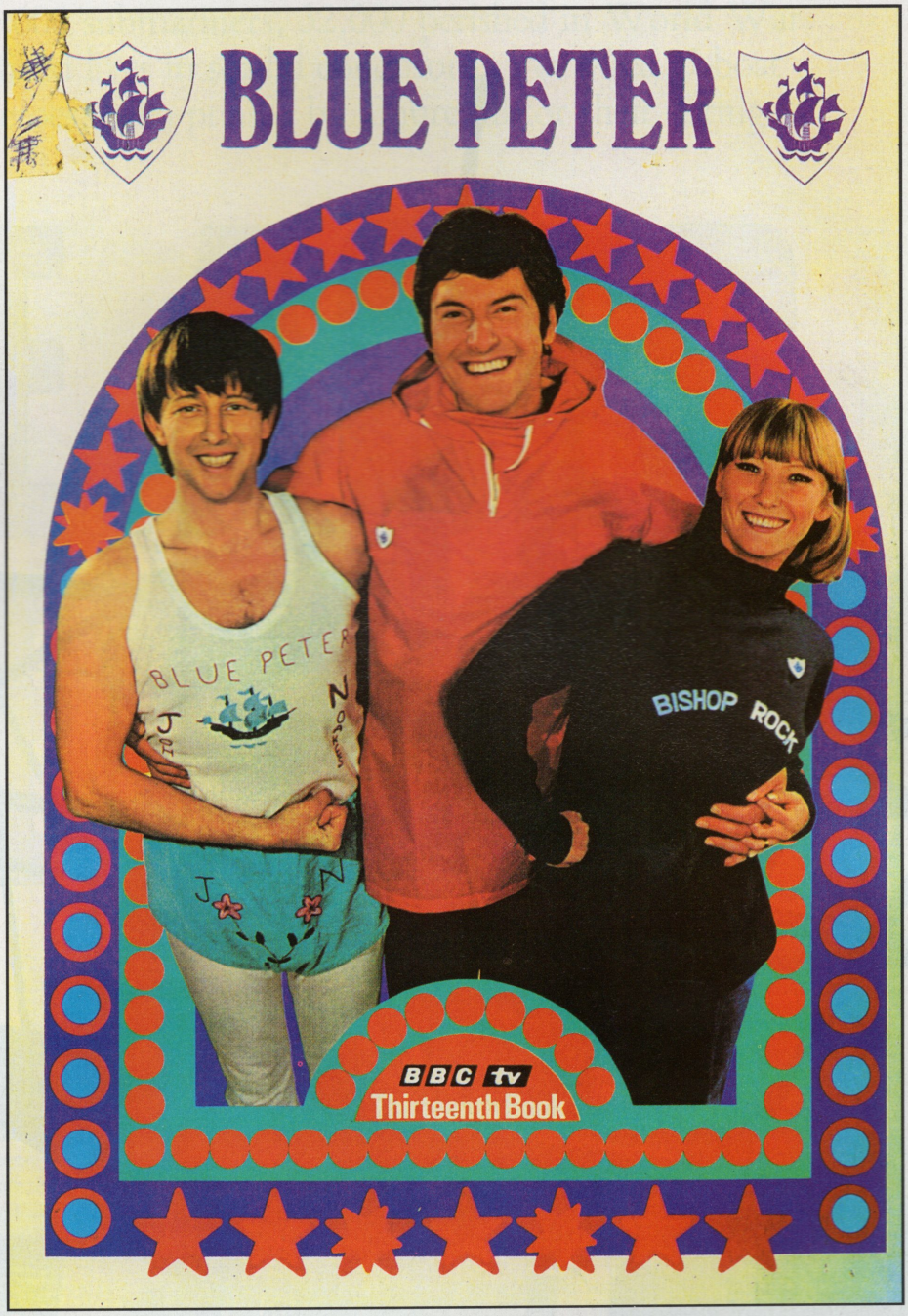

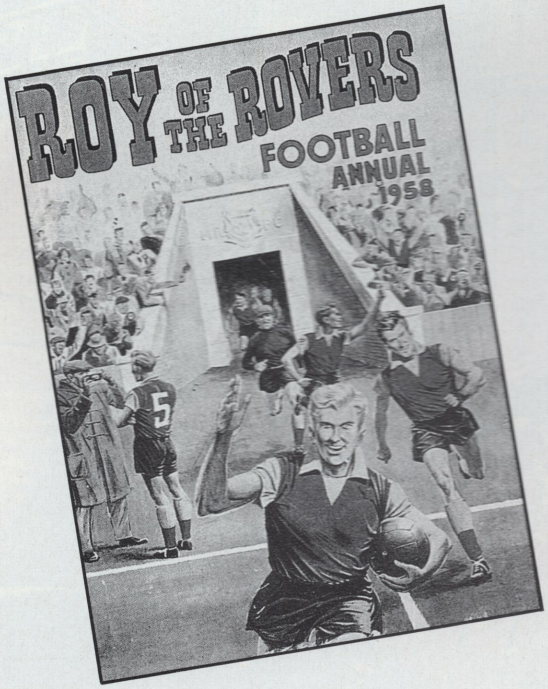

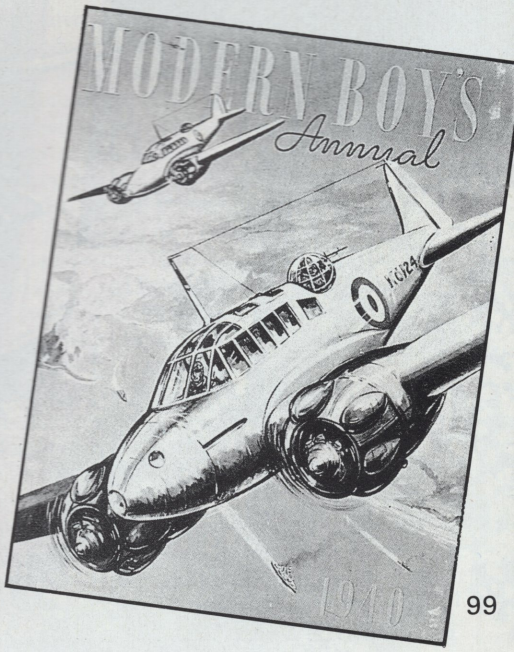

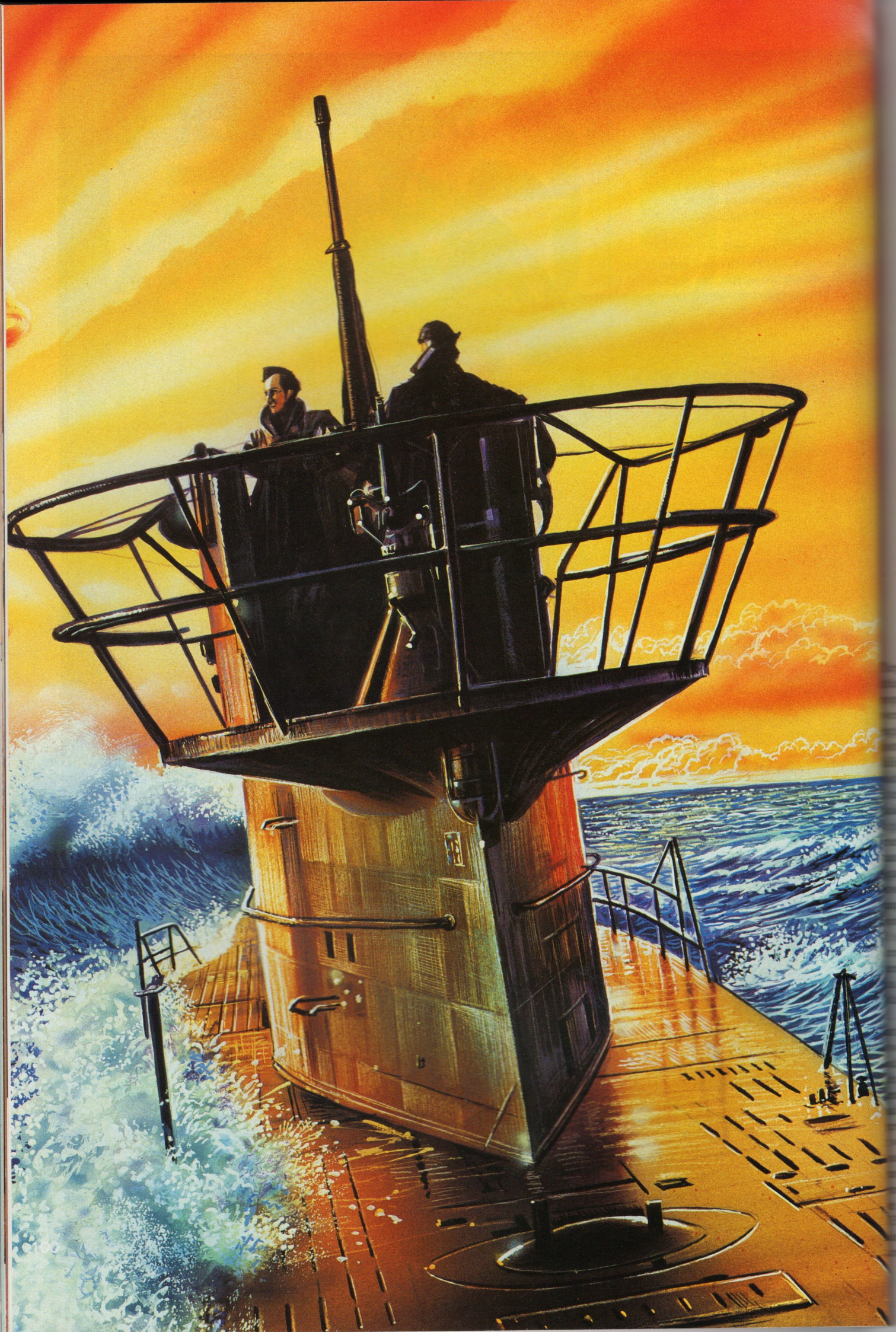

Of the Third Reich's 39,000 submariners, 32,000 perished in World War Two, living brief, fear-filled lives in sordid conditions. Yet three U-boat captains became folk heroes, even praised by Churchill for their daring

THE ACES BELOW

by Peter Congreve

They crouch in darkness, each man in his own private cell of terror, whilst they listen to the growing roar of the attacking destroyer overhead. As the noise passes, the coxswain begins to count — one — two — three — four, awaiting the descent of the deadly depth charges, falling silently through the water towards them, waiting for the explosion. Then it comes.

A terrible shock. The U-boat is picked up and shaken like a rat taken by a terrier. A smashing crash, of instrument dials and gauges. The dim emergency lights are extinguished yet again. A voice starts to croon, 'Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!' Again, a terrible blow. The gyro-compass, torn away from its housing, races down the crowded passageway like a demented animal, its heavy, whirling fly wheel burying itself with a shower of sparks in one of the bulkheads. There is a moment, followed by a heavy blow, a sob and silence. 'That was a near one,' a voice says unofficial way. This is 1940, the Battle of the Atlantic. Winston Churchill was to write later: 'The only thing that ever really frightened me during the war was the U-boat peril.'

This was a war fought by brave men, on both sides and, from necessity, it was a ruthless business. Between the two sides, the German U-boat beneath the waves, and the English corvette and destroyer crews above, a grudging respect grew.

This was a battle between young men. Only the youthful could endure the bridges of escort ships, during the sub-zero temperatures of the Russian convoys, and, amongst their adversaries, even U-boat captains were rarely the wrong side of 30. The three bright stars of the U-boat fleet, Gunther Prien, Joachim Schepke and Otto Kretschmer, were all comparatively young. Gunther Prien was a short dapper fellow with a friendly grin, and, at 31, something of an old man by U-boat standards. His reputation belied his happy-go-lucky look — he was a tough disciplinarian with an abrasive manner and an uncertain temper. Kretschmer was a tough, dedicated 'professional', with little interest in anything, except his beloved ship. Only the good-looking Schepke completely fulfilled the German population's view of what a U-boat captain should be, relaxed, dashing, glamorous. But these three men, in each way so different, were to bring the British nation to the edge of disaster. It was Prien who opened the ball.

In the beginning of October, 1939, a month after war had been declared, he was called to the office of Admiral Doenitz, the commander of the U-boat arm, where he was surprised to see a large map of Scapa Flow, the British naval base in Orkneys, pinned on the wall. Prien knew that the base was heavily guarded, that all known entrances were sealed with block ships, and two previous attempts by U-boat commanders to break in — in the First World War — had failed; the two craft and their crews were never seen again. Nevertheless, when Doenitz suggested that Prien should try and penetrate Scapa Flow, the U-boat captain agreed without hesitation. He sailed from Kiel on October 8.

When *U47* broke surface on the night of October 13, the crew were horrified by what they saw. The Northern Lights had made the night as bright as day. Would it be wise to wait for 24 hours for better conditions? To go in with visibility so good would be suicidal. Prien, however, decided against it — the enthusiasm of the crew was at its pitch. Now or never!

Prien knew he had to penetrate the Flow through Kirk Sound, the only entrance unblocked, and, because of the fierce tidal flow, and the shallowness of the water, he would have to move on the surface, visible to any lookouts on the hills above. It was a calculated risk, made even more hazardous by the good visibility provided by the Northern Lights. The channel was in places no deeper than 40 feet, and the clearance on either side no greater than 50 feet. The *U47* cautiously edged forward, and finally found itself free of obstacles and within the great gloomy basin of Scapa Flow. In front of them, outlined against the livid sky, was the huge shape of a battleship. The *Royal Oak*.

The first salvo of tropedoes did not do their job. One exploded, hitting the anchor chain of the battleship, doing no damage; the others failed to explode altogether. The fuses were defective. Prien slowly circled the vast expanse of the anchorage on the surface whilst the sweating crew laboured to reload the torpedo tubes. Despite the explosion, despite the brilliant visibility, the circling *U47* was unmolested. Half an hour later, the U-boat came up to the firing position again, and fired all four bow tubes in a tight spread. The *Royal Oak* exploded in a volcano of fire as the stricken battleship turned over and sank.

Then Scapa Flow erupted as lights went on, signal flares were sent into the sky, and searchlights began to probe the dark waters. Prien shouted down the hatch, 'Let's get out of here — full speed ahead!'

The tidal flow through Kirk Sound was at its strongest and against them as the *U47* tried to make her escape. With her diesels running at full power, and her electric motors assisting them, the submarine could only make a wretched

speed. A car speeding along the road alongside them shone its headlamps full on to light up the U-boat, turned round and raced back the way it had come.

'They've seen us,' grunted a lookout.

A destroyer began to pursue the submarine, its signal lights flashing, and then, suddenly, inexplicably, turned on its heels and disappeared. Finally, they were through.

Later that day, Endress, Prien's first officer, noticed a comic paper passing between the exhausted crew; it showed a bull with lowered horns and steaming nostrils about to charge. He climbed out on to the superstructure and with white paint, outlined the symbol on the conning tower of the *U47*. This was 'the bull of Scapa Flow'. When Prien got back to Germany, he found he was a national hero. But two other heroes had also emerged, and both of them were U-boat captains — Otto Kretschmer and Joachim Schepke. And slowly, between these three men, so different in personality, a loose friendship grew; a friendship based on rivalry and mutual respect rather than actual liking.

Between them, the three aces revolutionised U-boat tactics. Up to then, submarines had usually attacked submerged, invisible at periscope depth. This was not good enough for the trio. Submerged, a submarine was a tortoise, on the surface, a greyhound. Submerged, on their batteries, a U-boat would cruise at three knots; on the surface at night, with her diesels roaring away at 18 knots, she was transformed.

With her low profile, she was well-nigh invisible, for radar had not yet appeared. And whilst other, more cautious, U-boat captains were outside the convoy, exchanging shots with the destroyers guarding it, the three aces developed the dangerous, but effective, tactic of working past the escorts on the perimeter, and getting right inside the convoy, between the parallel lines of steaming ships, before beginning the attack. Then they would strike. 'One ship, one torpedo,' said Kretschmer, grimly.

The convoy losses mounted. On the 'Night of the Long Knives' — the night of October 18/19, 1940 — Prien, Schepke and Kretschmer, supported by other U-boat commanders, met the unfortunate convoys SC7 and HX79, and massacred them, sinking an incredible 325,000 tons.

Naturally, these men were a god-send to the Nazi propaganda machine. Even Winston Churchill praised their skill and their courage. The German people, forgetting their troubles, followed the U-boat commanders' glamorous exploits in the same way as their fathers had followed the career of the air ace, Von Richthofen, in the dark days of the First World War 25 years before. For this purpose, Schepke was a 'natural'. Kretschmer — 'Otto the Silent' — an intensely private man, who resented the attempts to make him a folk hero, was unwilling to play, and Prien, also, did not go along with the journalists and cameramen who swarmed over the U-boat, interviewing the officers and taking pictures of the filthy, unshaven crew.

But the blond, handsome Schepke, so much the German 'Herrenvolk' ideal, with his smile and his gold-braided cap, set at a rakish angle, was soon installed as as genuine folk hero in the German pantheon. For him, the young film stars and beauty queens, with a camera man in tow, waited on the landing-stage as his boat, the *U100*, came back from its mission; for him, there were brass bands playing military marches on the quay, the children with the bouquets of flowers, and the mandatory bottle of champagne.

Meanwhile Kretschmer sat grimly in his ca with the inevitable cigar in his mouth, writing report, criticising the equipment, questio tactics, complaining about the food sup whilst Prien's boat nosed into harbour with its men with charges for inefficiency han over them. Yet, for both, the uncommuni Kretschmer and Prien, the strict disciplina there was complete devotion from their do crews right to the end.

The British escort commanders were produ heroes of their own, though none of t achieved the aura of the great U-boat aces. convoy work was essentially an unglamo business of patience and discipline, metic planning, and constant duties on icy wind-s bridges. They included young RNVR recr land-lubbers whose experience of the sea u then had been limited; sometimes they w middle-aged men, fathers of families, reserv ex-merchant navy skippers anxious to take t part in the battle. But there was alway backbone of regular naval officers, who saw the war was going to be won or lost in Atlantic, and who took up the unsung duti convoy work rather than the more glamorous aboard battleship or cruiser as a result.

The most effective of these regular officers F J 'Johnny' Walker, a tough, unconventi maverick of a man who turned the killing o boats into a fine art. He sank, or helped to s 25 of them in his meteoric career. Like his fe officers, and unlike the men he fought, Wa was hardly a charismatic figure; he disli 'show', and his watchwords were patie organisation, and, above all, hard work. knew he was valued by his superiors in Admiralty, and respected by the men under h and that was enough. Walker died as he li unglamorously, in his bed on land. Despite hospital report, the navy knew he had die exhaustion. He had worn himself out.

Conditions during the Battle of the Atlantic w truly horrific on both sides. For the Br convoys, the days and nights of watch-keep in the worst possible weather, were interspe

turn to page

Joachim Schepke, a 'natural' as U-boat hero

Otto Kretschmer, the complete professional

Gunther Prien (left) is greeted by Admiral Doenitz, who suggested the Scapa Flow raid

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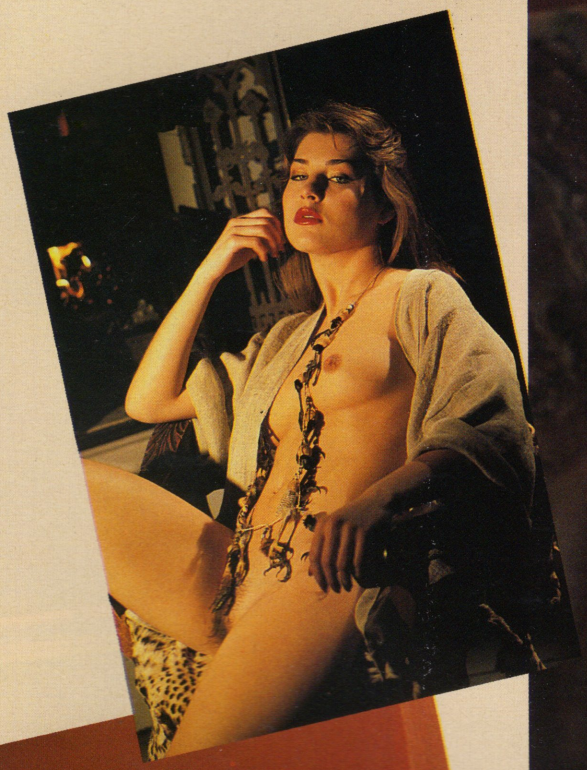
a Flow raid

Gentlemen please be upstanding for 25-year-old Miss Sara Jenkins. Sara's interests make her quite unique in our experience — she has a passion for classic black and white nude photography. This interest began when she was studying at art school. 'I found a book of old slightly arty nude prints. I just loved the style of photography.' Naturally, when we offered Sara the chance to appear in *Mayfair*, she was more than happy to accept, but insisted that we tried to capture the characteristic feel of those early prints, albeit in colour. Here then is the highly distinctive and impressive result.



Our glamorous Gloucester girl appreciates a bit of olde worlde courtesy. 'I like a man, who has the confidence and manners to be a gentleman.' she says. Cultured and refined, Sara has all qualities to arouse gentlemanly behaviour in those she meets, while inspiring ungentlemanly thoughts. Is she aware of this? 'I see no problem,' she says. 'If a man is attracted to my body, that shows no lack of courtesy. For 34-22-34 inch Sara, the chivalry comes in the wooing not the intent. 'Every man looks appreciatively at lots of women,' she says, 'but it's the way they express it that counts. That's what separates the lecher from the connoisseur.'

Another great interst in Miss Jenkin's life is cartography, the science of map making. 'I'm not terribly interested in modern mass-produced ordnance survey stuff,' she says, 'but I really find old hand drawn maps, of the ''Here be monsters'' variety endlessly fascinating.' She has lined the walls of her one-bedroomed Cheltenham flat with old maps, both prized orginals and high quality reprints. 'I like the feel they give of the world as an unexplored and mysterious place,' she says wistfully. It's not only old maps, that appeal to Sara, but also older men. 'They have so much more to offer,' she says, 'they may not quite have the stamina of younger men, but they more than make up for it in terms of genuine maturity, experience and consideration. It's remarkable what a difference a bit of experience can make between the sheets'.

The Aces Below

continued from page 102

with the constant danger of being torpedoed, and ending in a struggle for life in the sea. In the Arctic convoys, the chance of surviving more than a minute in the icy water was remote, whilst, if your ship happened to be a tanker carrying petrol an even more unpleasant end was possible.

On the U-boats, the conditions were just as bad, even when not being depth-charged. Packed together with hardly room to stand, the tiny space allowed by regulations to each man was encroached on by masses of food packed in at the last minute.

In heavy seas, the pitching and corkscrewing of the boat sometimes threw a man out of his bunk, to break his ribs on the steel deck below. If he did — too bad — there was no doctor on board the smaller boats. On the conning tower, the two watchmen, with heavy seas pouring over them, were secured by life lines, to prevent them being washed overboard. Down below, amid the smell of sweat, vomit and 'colibri' (the eau de cologne used by the men to remove the salt encrusted on the face), and with the steel sides running with water, the ration bread soon became encrusted with a thick 'fur' of mildew, and was universally referred to as 'white rabbits'. The tinned meat, the bread (and after the bread had gone, the 'hard tack'), had an all-pervading taste, and smell, of diesel oil.

If the U-boat was forced to dive for long periods, the build-up of foul air grew until the gasping men were issued with potash cartridges to breath through. To stay below meant facing a slow death by suffocation; to surface meant a quicker death.

Perhaps the worst aspect of the appalling conditions were the toilet facilities. Every U-boat, except the very smallest, had one, and the larger ones had two, but, as always, the second one was out of use for much of the cruise, filled to bursting with provisions. One toilet was hardly adequate for 40 or 50 men, especially if the crew was suffering from the various complaints caused by the conditions in which they lived.

Although 'waiting for the red' (the red light over the loo door to say it was in use) was a fertile source of earthy humour, the matter was hardly a joke, since so much of the running of a U-boat demanded absolute concentration, a difficult business to carry out with a bursting bladder. Toilets always caused problems since, when submerged, the contents of the 'thunder box' had to be forced out by a pump against the pressure of the surrounding water.

At the beginning of the war, this particular difficulty could be overcome since U-boats rarely dived deep, but, as the character of the war changed, U-boats dived to greater depths (often staying at that depth for 24 hours or longer), a new high-pressure toilet was installed which could pump out below the 30 feet of the older design. Unfortunately, these were complex in design and difficult to operate, and certain members of the crew had to be given special training in their use. These unfortunates, given the exalted title of 'shit-house graduates' by their mates, led a wretched life.

The misuse of a high-pressure toilet on the *U1206* led to its destruction, for, when its commander, a man called Schlitt (a first-class captain, but notoriously inept at handling complicated machinery), had finished using the thunderbox, he had considerable difficulty in pumping out the contents. The 'shit-house graduate' on duty, who was prowling about outside, hearing his highly respected captain swearing and kicking the toilet bowl, rushed in to help, eager to demonstrate his recently acquired expertise.

In the confusion, the various levers were pulled in the wrong order, and under the tremendous pressure from the sea outside, the uns contents of the toilet, together with quantity of salt water, was flung into the faces, flooding the submarine. The sea started to produce copious amounts of chlorine gas. Schlitt, litterally caught w trousers down, was forced to brin submarine to the surface to save his cre here his enemies were waiting for him. It end of *U1206*.

Most U-boat commanders were in superstitious. One veteran, a bachelor, to have a woman set foot on his boat — unlucky — and, when the obligatory fi turned up, she was greeted by an armed barring her way on the gang plank, and a of abuse from the commander of the Another, the easy-going but eccentric Schultze of the *U48*, always insisted th bearing steered in the open sea had to be d by the number seven. This caused proble grey hairs to the helmsman when manoe through minefields. Lucky mascots abo and most U-boats had their individual in Prien, the 'Bull of Scapa Flow', and Krets a Golden Horseshoe, nailed to his conning for good luck. But luck was going to run all three men.

On March 6, 1941, Prien met his comeu when, with Kretschmer and two other U commanders, Matz and Eckermann, he a convoy OB293. The Germans quickly they had a fight on their hands. Ma Eckermann were soon out of the co Smashed up by hour after hour of depth attacks, Matz was forced to the surfac destroyed. Kretschmer, also in trouble, m to limp away. Prien had also escaped typically, returned to the fight the next d Although night was approaching, it was fa dark and the average U-boat commander not have taken the risk, but Prien was average commander. Relying on the cove a heavy bank of clouds, the *U47* raced fo to the attack. But Prien's time had co sudden shift of wind tore away the conc clouds, and the *U47* and the two destr HMS *Wolverine* and *Verity* spotted each simultaneously. As *Verity* stood by, firi shell after star shell to illuminate the *Wolverine* rushed in to ram. Prien mana dive seconds before the destroyer got to hi as the *Wolverine* passed over, it drop pattern of depth charges, which bent one U-boat's propeller shafts. Giving out a pe clatter, it made the *U47* a sitting duck hydrophone operators on the *Wolverine* checked every manoeuvre which the des submarine made to escape. For five hou two destroyers took turns in depth-chargin victim, until the inevitable end came violent underwater explosion, which to *U47* apart. It was the end of Prien.

Nine days later Schepke and Kretschme their own fate when they attacked co HX112, guarded by two destroyers, *Vano Walker*. The *U100*, Schepke's boat, was th to go. Far out, in poor light, he thought hi invisible, but *Vanoc* had been fitted with the first radar sets, and, with the tiny showing on the screen, the destroyer race action, preparing to ram. Schepke was bridge, and saw, out of the darkness and to the great steel bow of the *Vanoc* rushing to him, straight for the conning tower. O bridge of the destroyer, they heard Sch

turn to pag

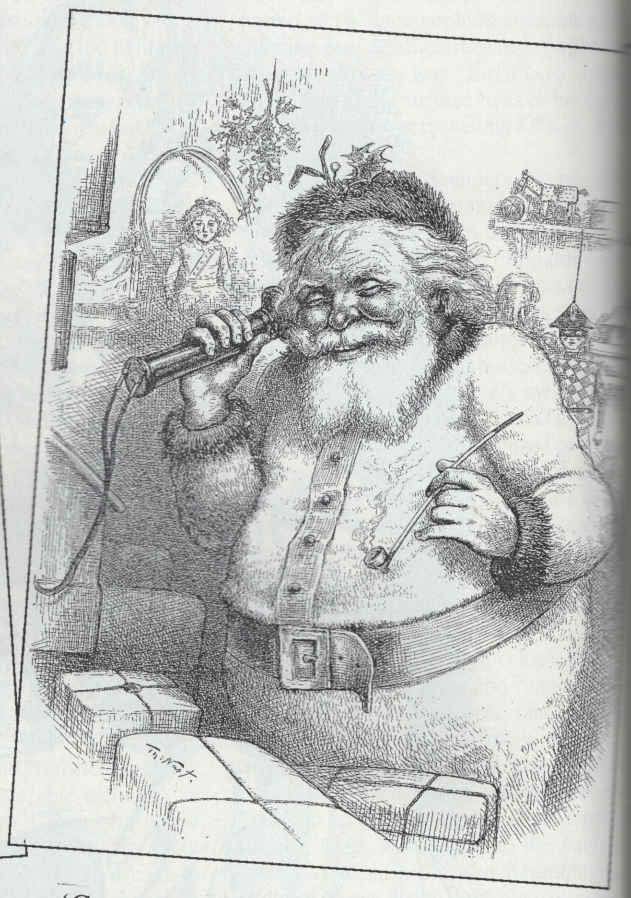
'But, if I shouldn't think of women as sex objects, what should I think of as sex objects?'

'Ho-ho-ho, alright, one more. There was an old man of Nantucket . . .'

YULE BE GLAD...

. . . that we've taken the sentiment out of Christmas. After all, too much Yuletide fare makes us ill. We present some original sickly pictures with our own restorative captions

'That's odd. I could have sworn I heard someone shout, ''Ow, me bloody hernia!'' '

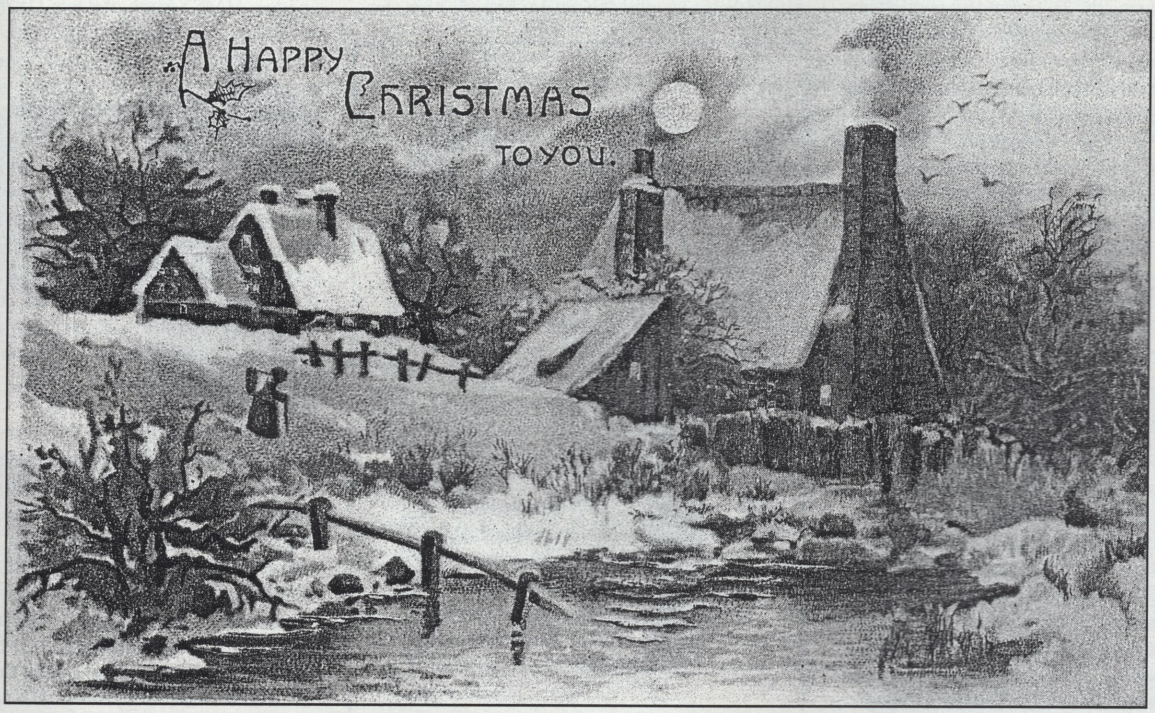


'Great pot, man. I'll have another ounce.'

'Look, Lucy, there's an old man having a crap in our fireplace.'

'And please, Santa, let me look up the au pair's skirt when she's not wearing knickers . . .'

'There you go, my dear, just what you need in this weather — thermal condoms.'



'Come back, Granny. We've put one indoors now!'

The Aces Below

continued from page 102

shout out, 'Don't panic — they're going to miss us!'

He was wrong. With a terrible crash, the *Vanoc* struck the *U100* straight on the conning tower, throwing the Germans into the water — all except Schepke, who was caught between the destroyer's bows and the submarine's periscope housing, like a worm in a ploughshare, the *Vanoc* cutting both of Schepke's legs off at the hip. Carried right over the dying U-boat by its momentum, the destroyer reversed, and pulled astern. The two broken halves of the *U100* jerked upwards, and Schepke, still alive, was thrown high in the air, to fall helplessly into the sea. His legless trunk, threshing wildly in its death agony, lay for a while in the reddening water until his head, still wearing the U-boat commander's hat disappeared below the waves. He had died, like an ace, on his bridge.

Within a few minutes of Schepke's death, the asdic operator on *Walker* reported contact with another enemy submarine. It was Otto Kretschmer's *U99*. The *Walker* attacked with depth charges, forcing the U-boat to the surface. As the *Walker* and *Vanoc* blazed away, killing anyone who tried to get to the U-boat's deck-gun, Kretschmer, nonchalantly smoking his usual cigar, decided that the time had come to scuttle his boat. Fixing his white-topped captain's hat at the regulation angle, he followed his crew into the water, and was picked up by the *Walker*. Later he pointed to the *Walker's* crest, an up-turned horseshoe. 'This is a strange coincidence,' he said. 'My ship also sailed under the sign of the horseshoe, though ours was shown with the points downwards.'

'Ah!' said his captor, 'in our country, when a horseshoe is that way up, the luck is sure sooner or later to run out.'

'Mine certainly has,' said Kretschmer.

After the boosting of Prien, Schepke and Kretschmer by the German propaganda machine, their destruction caused something of panic, and Dr Goebbles frankly did not know what to do. Fearing the loss of morale which any announcement would make, he delayed the announcement of Prien's death for almost three months. It was a foolish decision, since the death of the ace could not be concealed, and, inevitably, all kind of rumours started. When, after six weeks, Prien's wife telephoned a contact in the navy, Admiral Friedeburg, she was told that her husband was away on a special 'secret' mission. Only after a considerable delay were the next of kin told of the loss of the *U47* and it was on May 23, 1941, some ten weeks after the sinking, that Prien's death was announced over German radio. Almost immediately, a story began to go the rounds that the ace and his crew had been arrested for mutiny and been sent to a 'punishment battalion' on the Russian front. This rumour was so widely believed that German radio had to issue an official denial, but without avail, and stories of Prien's fate were discussed throughout Germany till the end of the war, and for years after.

On March 3, 1949, the *Braunschweiger Zeitung* published a letter by a man who again stated that Prien died in a 'punishment battalion', and claimed to have seen a photograph of his grave. Another rumour had it that Prien had refused to go out in an unseaworthy boat, had been secretly court-martialled, and had died in a concentration camp.

These three men, Prien, Schepke and Kretschmer, deployed a peak of fighting skills and daring which was never again achieved by U-boat captains. The tactics of using U-boats in groups — the so-called 'wolf-packs' — though effective, was a confession by the Germans that the brilliant individualists of 1940 and 1941 no longer existed.

But worst was to follow. As radar, the instrument which had destroyed Schepke, became more common, things became even more difficult for U-boat crews. The German answer to radar was the snorkel, but this produed more difficulties than it solved. Schnorkeling could only be done at night — by day the wake made by the schnorkel through the water could clearly be seen by the ever-present Allied aircraft. The schnorkel had a valve which shut off when a wave threatened to wash water down into the boat, but the diesels in the U-boat did not do the same. They carried on running, sucking the air out of the boat, subjecting the crew to intense pain, causing eyes to pop out of heads, burst ear drums, blinding headaches, and nose bleeds.

Since the U-boat never surfaced, no waste could be jettisoned, and had to be stored. Loaded into sacks, whereever space could be found, it soon rotted, adding yet another horror to life.

Again, the toilets produced another difficulty. At the great depths submarines now used during the day, even the high-pressure 'thunder boxes' could not be used. At night, at schnorkelling depth, special permission was needed to use them, and it was sparingly given because the loss of material could ruin the delicate adjustment needed by the hydroplane operators to hang their craft at the correct depth. The schnorkel would drop below the surface, and the valve close, with the inevitable results.

As the tide of battle turned, as the Allies brought in radar, forcing the U-boats below the surface, employing more and more aircraft to hunt down the submarines, the life of a U-boat crew rarely extended beyond the second mission; in fact, for many U-boat men, their first voyage was also their last. This had an inevitable effect, for though Germany was able, right to the end, to build boats to replace those destroyed, it was less easy to replace the highly skilled U-boat captains, and their highly specialised crews. The proof of this deterioration in morale was soon to appear.

'No, there's been no change in my condition since yesterday. I just like the way you examine me . . '

On August 23, 1941, the *U570*, under the captain, Hans Rahmlow, left Trondheim for the North Atlantic with a scratch crew. On August 27, at 1100 hours, her captain brought her from 200 feet to periscope depth, and she surfaced. In the periscope's 'blind spot', in the sky, was Squadron Leader Thompson, in a Hudson on anti-submarine patrol.

To Thompson it must have been an answer to a maiden's prayer — a U-boat surfacing with anti-aircraft guns unmanned. He went into action with bombs and depth charges, nerving himself for the 'duel to the death' which previous experiences with surfaced U-boats had led him to expect. As he made his turn for his second attack, he was considerably surprised to see a white flag being waved from the conning tower but flew in circles overhead, making sure the *U570* did not try to submerge until surface craft arrived to help him. The *U570* was towed to Iceland and finally to Britain, where she was renamed HMS *Graph*, and joined the British Navy.

The crew were interrogated, and officers sent to the prisoner of war camp at Grizdale Hall, where the formidable Kretschmer was the senior German officer. Luckily for him, the unfortunate Rahmlow had been delayed for further interrogation, and was to arrive later. Kretschmer's views on duty were well known. He was his contempt for any signs of human weakness. A secret court of honour was held by the senior U-boat personnel who stood in judgement over the officers of the *U570* for their surrender to the enemy without a fight. Finally most were exonerated, except for the First Lieutenant, who, Kretschmer maintained, should have either arrested his captain, or shot him to prevent the surrender, or, at the very least, scuttled the *U570*, to prevent her falling into enemy hands. The unfortunate First Lieutenant was sent to Coventry. And then Kretschmer had an idea. HMS *Graph*, the late *U570*, was docked at Barrow-in-Furness, not far away. Why couldn't the First Lieutenant regain his honour by escaping from the camp, getting to a submarine, and destroying it?

This was agreed, and the First Lieutenant made his escape. Unfortunately, he was caught on his way to his mission, and was shot by the Home Guard whilst trying to escape again. Rahmlow, the captain of the *U570*, arrived at the camp a few days later, but, by this time, the British authorities had been alerted to what was happening, and he was quickly re-routed to a camp for Luftwaffe officers who would not be interested in the code of conduct of the U-boat arm.

In spite of everything, the German U-boat arm kept going to the very end. Despite horrific losses, 32,000 men lost out of a total of 39,000, despite increasing disquiet with the Nazi war machine which governed their country, the German Navy did not mutiny as it had done in The First World War. But the aces had gone and would never be replaced. No one, least of all their adversaries, doubted the effect of the loss of Prien, Schepke and Kretschmer. Winston Churchill was to comment: 'The elimination of these three able men had a marked effect on the progress of the struggle. Few U-boat commanders who followed them were their equals in ruthless ability and daring.'

GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. . .

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

A little boy was ushered into Santa's grotto by a rather tarty looking fairy, who whispered to his mother 'What's his name and what would he like for Christmas?'
'Johnny,' the mother whispered back,' and he'd like a train set.'
The fairy confided the information to Santa.
'Ho, ho, ho, little boy, I know what your name is — it's J-O-H-N-N-Y, Johnny' said Santa, spelling the boy's name out and tapping playfully on his nose between each letter.
'Gosh, that's amazing,' said the little boy.
'And I know what you'd like for Christmas,' Santa continued, again spelling it out and playfully tapping the lad's nose, a T-R-A-I-N-S-E-T, train set'.
'Gosh that's amazing, Santa. Can I try that?'
'Eh yes,' said Santa a little takenaback.
'I know what your name is,' said Johnny tapping him on the nose, 'it's S-A-N-T-A, Santa.'
'Ho, ho, ho,' said Santa, 'yes it is.'
'And I know what you like,' little Johnny continued, 'C-U-N-T, cunt.'
At once Santa went bright red and stammered:
'Eh. . .yes. .but how do you know that?'
'I could smell it on your fingers,' said Johnny.

A mortician who practised in Fife.
Made love to the corpse of his wife,
'How would I know, judge?
She was cold, did not budge —
Just the same as she acted in life.'

It was Christmas at Notre Dame and Quasimodo longed for a holiday. He'd been ringing the bells for 20-odd years and never had a day off as the people of the town relied on the bells being rung every quarter of an hour. Finally it had all become too much for him and he'd called a local agency and got a temp in to keep the bells pealing while he was away. When the temp arrived he was a grubby old tramp, the only person willing to take such onerous work over the Christmas break. Quasi instructed his temporary replacement in his duties, and told him that the bells had to be rung every quarter of an hour, and, with that, slipped quietly out of town. As the bells continued to be rung, no one in the town realised anything was different. Towards the end of Quasi's two-week vacation, the work began to get a bit much for the old tramp, running up and down the bell-tower steps every quarter of an hour, and finally, halfway up the steps, he collapsed and died. Panic ensued in the town as no bells were being rung, so two of the local police officers were sent to investigate. They broke into the tower and saw the lifeless body strewn across the steps, and doffed their helmets as a sign of respect.
'Ah, poor Quasi. What a way to go,' said the first.
'Hold on a minute,' said the second, turning the body over, 'this isn't Quasi. . .'
'You're right,' said the first, 'but he's a dead ringer. . .

A young blonde had been making eyes at a hunky karate expert strutting around the local disco flexing his muscles all night. He eventually got the message, and the two headed back to her place for 'coffee'. As soon as they were through the door, the blonde took him by the hand, and dragged him upstairs into the bedroom. The two of them tore their clothes off and were making mad passionate love on the bed when there was the sound of a key in the front door.
'My husband has come back early!' shouted the startled woman.
'Quick,' shouted the karate expert, pulling his trousers on. 'where's your back door?'
'Oh, God, we haven't got a back door,' cried the woman.
'Well,' said the karate expert, 'where would you like one?'

What do you call 15 red indians standing naked on top of each other? A scrotum pole

Did you hear about the poll tax rioter who threw a bottle of Domestos at a cop? He was charged with a bleach of the police.

What do Christmas trees and vasectomy patients have in common?
They both only have balls for decoration.

After a hard night's drinking, Harry staggered back home. He stumbled up to his front door, and fumbled noisily at the lock trying to get in. The racket finally awakened his long-suffering wife. She opened the upstairs window, and bellowed to her inebriated spouse:
'Don't you have your key?'
'Yes, I've got the sodding key,' he yelled back, 'but send me down the bloody keyhole.'

Share your after dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', *Mayfair* magazine, 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding of a subscription to the winner is final.

Annual nostalgia

continued from page 99

1931 as a stand-up card character, he made his first solo appearance in the *The New Adventures of Rupert* annual of 1936, drawn by Alfred Bestall. By 1940, the *Rupert Annual* was in full-colour, and this, and the 1941 edition, are particularly prized by collectors for their gentle colour printing. Colour also made for controversy in 1973 when, allegedly under the orders of Max Aitken, son of Lord Beaverbrook, Rupert's colour changed from brown to white. Bestall was so upset he resigned from cover design, and Rupert was restored to brown fur again next year. Personally, I found Rupert with his check trousers, neatly tied scarf and rhyming couplets to tell the stories (invariably about nutty professors) too twee for words, but the annuals continue today. These days they're drawn by John Harrold, who acknowledged his predecessor by including Bestall in the cover of the 50th anniversary annual, now a collectors' item.

For many, the *Knockout Fun Book* (first published in 1941) is what every children's annual should be. It combined adventure and humour in equal parts. Thrills could be had with Sexton Blake and the High Speed Pirates, as the detective chased after the villains in fast cars, and the annual thrived on 'classic' baddies like highwaymen, cowboys, buccaneers and thieves. Laughs came from 'Deed-a-Day Danny' — a boy scout determined to help everyone, but whose good deeds were doomed to failure, his victims confronting him in the last frame. 'Our Ernie' was a lad from Wigan whose adventures were even less plausible. Simply reading a book on the Stone Age would have the lad whisked back to the caveman era to do battle with sabre-toothed tigers, yet he always got home in time for tea. There Dad would puff at his pipe and listen to his son's outlandish tale. 'Eee daft, I call it,' he'd say. The readers disagreed. *Knockout Fun Books* continued until 1962.

Whilst *Knockout* and Rupert survived the Second World War paper shortage (albeit on 'Economy Standard' stock), many didn't. However, after the war, news annuals took their place in children's hearts, many surviving to the present day. Amongst these was the *Eagle* (already celebrated in *Mayfair's* Vol 25 No 5), who spawned not only an *Eagle Annual* but annuals on sport, police and detection, and ones based on its most popular characters such as *Dan Dare's Space Annual* and the *Riders of the Range Annual*. Along with its stablemates *Robin, Girl,* and *Swift*, these Hulton Press annuals did so well imitation was bound to follow.

Amalgamated produced the first *Lion Annual* in 1954, complete with Captain Condor, their version of Dan Dare, Robot Archie and Sandy Dean. It was not as successful as *Eagle*, but did spawn *Tiger*, which brought as Roy of the Rovers. Roy, the soccer star who trained on fish and chips and was forever 'slamming the leather between the posts', despite 'formidable opposition in the form of the 'demon left back', still stars in a best-selling annual to this day. He was joined by Rockfist Rogan of the RAF, flying ace and boxing champion.

The only company to rival the success of AP and Hulton was D C Thompson. Publishers of the *Beano* and *Dandy* since 1940, they have also brought us *Topper, Beezer, Hotspur, Wizard* and *Rover*. All produced annuals with characters that became institutions. Desperate Dan, Ko the Cat, Beryl the Peril. Dennis the Menace (w has his own biennial tome), not to mention T Great Wilson, easily the most versatile athle the world, Spring-heeled Jackson and Samson the 'Wolf of Kabul'.

But new annual stars are coming along al time. These days many are TV spin-offs, none the worse for that. *Dr Who* has warra his own annual since 1966 (late sixties, e seventies editions being worth up to £ Daleks, Cybermen, Ice Warriors and a hun other outrageous aliens who have had chil hiding behind the sofa for nigh-on 30 years c not exterminate the Time Lord or his assis Some might even argue that their weaponry more convincing in comic form than on budget TV!

TV has also brought a whole new generatio popular cartoon characters. Hanna-Barbera TV and film animators, have given us hundr all with their own bumper books — *Tom Jerry, Top Cat, The Flintstones, Yogi B Scooby Doo* and *Hong Kong Phooey*, to but a few. Warner Brothers have also joined fray with *Bugs Bunny* and *Tweety and Sylv* annuals, and Popeye has been chomping spinach in hardback since 1960. *Buster*, produced by Fleetway, continues, too, as *Whizzer* and *Chips*, first produced in the 19 And the future? With annuals available for *AD, Judge Dredd, Scorcher,* and strictly adults only, *Viz* (which parodies all my favo characters from the past, and outsells the them!), it seems that Christmas looks like b happy for both collectors and children for a time to come.

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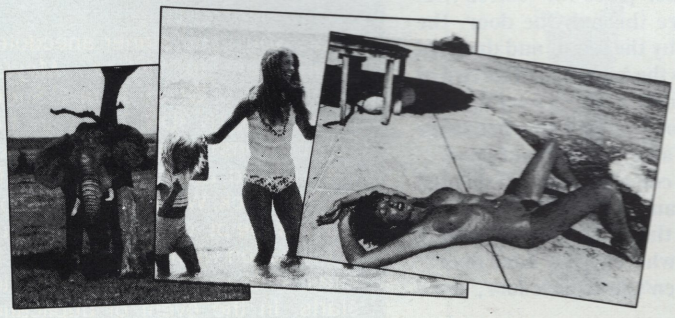

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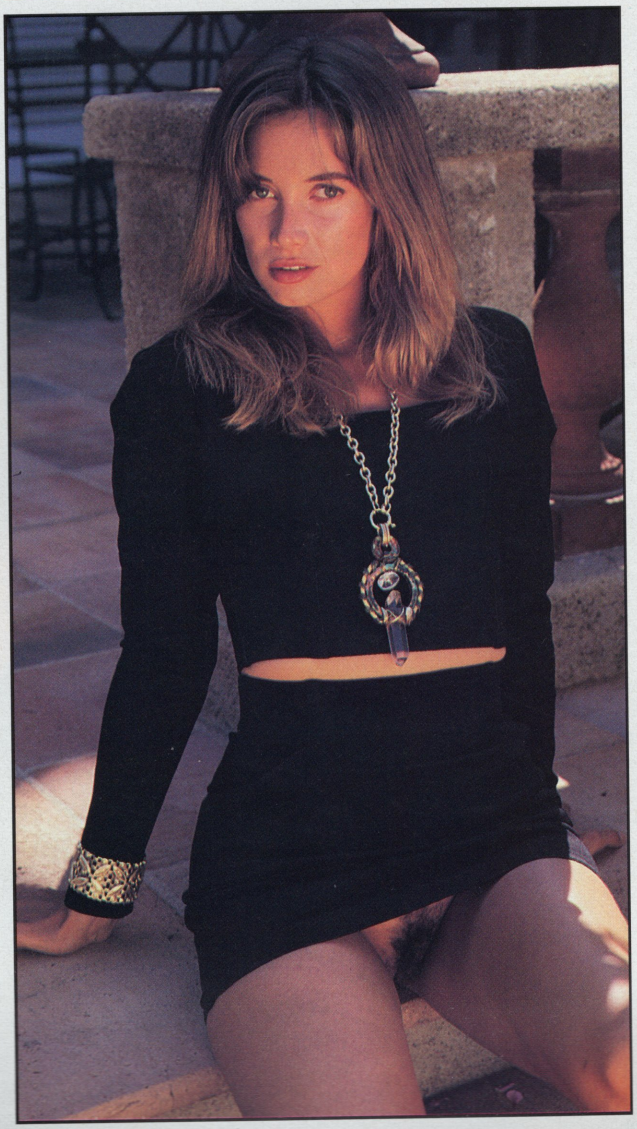
HILARY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN PATRICK BURGESS

For 19-year old Hilary Bryer Christmas is a bit of a break — her studies end temporarily, and she says goodbye to her North London flat for a few quiet weeks back in Frome, just outside Bath. She is now approaching the end of her three year History honours degree at a college in London, though she is coy enough not to say which one. 'I really enjoy the hustle and bustle of London,' says the shapely 34-22-34 inch beauty, 'but it's definitely nice to come back to the much slower pace of Frome. It really helps me to unwind after a long term studying the likes of William the Silent and the Sea Beggars. I really need a few weeks off after that.'



Back in Frome, Hilary will be spending many of her Yuletide evenings in her local pub, *The Blue Boar*. 'A lot of my friends are also away at different Universities,' she says, 'so we all meet up there.' The other aspect of going home that appeals to Hilary is Christmas shopping. 'I hate shopping in London's West End. It's so hectic. Bath is much more civilised. I always leave all my Christmas shopping until I get home.' As to her own Christmas presents, Hilary finds that one of the major drawbacks of being a student is that everyone gives her book tokens. 'Last year I got £130 in book tokens. The funny thing was I had a £400 overdraft too, so I could afford to read, but I couldn't afford to eat! I think that's a typical student problem.'

When her degree course ends next June, Hilary wants to take a teacher training qualification or, if she does particularly well, stay on at college and do further research. So, appearing in *Mayfair* seems a little odd for a would-be academic? 'If I was being shy,' she says, 'I'd blame it all on the pressures of my overdraft, but really it was just something that appealed, and it beats working for a fast food chain.'

Most men had a pedal car. We bashed and broke them till they rusted away. Pity. Some now fetch £1,000

Every man remembers his first car

Main picture above: A nostalgic line up of Austin pedal cars photographed at an owners' club meeting. Pictures top left: The distinctive shape of two Austin J40 pedal cars whose sweeping lines mirror those of contemporary road models. Bottom pictures left: The single-seater Austin Pathfinder, and the plugs and battery of a J40.

Whether it was a second-hand MGB GT that went like a bomb, or a rattly old Mini with detachable sub-frame, every man remembers his first car. Or does he? The chances are that it was a little more compact than his current model, but environmentally very friendly, extremely economical to run, and healthy, too. It was, almost certainly, a pedal car.

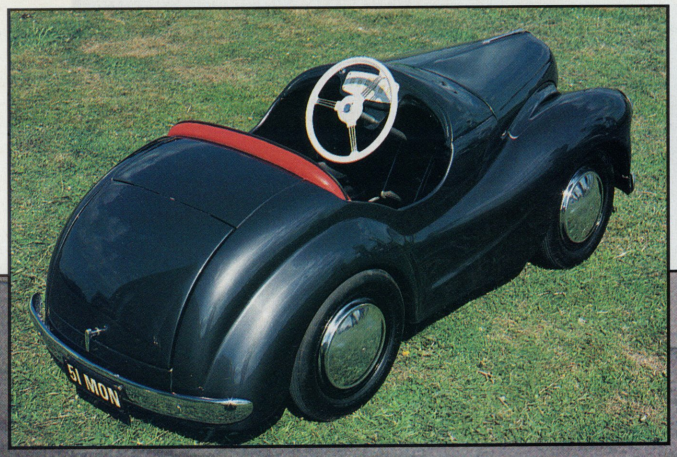
Models that remain now have more than sentimental value, particularly if they happen to be an Austin J40 or Pathfinder. To a collector they are worth more than £1,000 a piece.

In fact the Austin J40, and its 'racing' equivalent, the Pathfinder are not so much toys as true miniature Austins. They were not built by a toy manufacturer, but by the company itself, using scrap metal left over from the production of their bigger brothers, and modelled on their range of vehicles at the time. Production started in 1949, but their history goes back to 1946, and an act of philanthropy by Austin boss, Sir Leonard Lord. It was he who decided that the pedal car should be built, and that the factory, based at Bargoed in South Wales, was to be staffed entirely by local miners disabled by pneumoconiosis.

Like many of the full-sized vehicles, the prototype pedal cars were designed at Longbridge by Ron Phillips and Jim Blaikie, with the help of Alfred Ash of the Sheet Metal Planning Department (now Honorary President of the J40 Owners Club). The first, with the number plate JOY 1, was based on an Austin 10 scaled down to fit Ash's eight-year-old daughter. Chain-driven and maroon in colour, JOY 1 was shown, along with its somewhat larger colleagues, at the 1,000,000th Austin Car Show in 1946. In 1947, another prototype followed, then came JOY 3, a pedal racing car based on the Austin Seven racers of the late 1930s.

It was the JOY 3 racing car that was to enter production first. Renamed the Pathfinder by Sir George Harrison (who later went on to use the name again on a full-sized Riley much loved by the police force), manufacture started at the Austin Junior Car Factory in Bargoed on July 5, 1949, with the help of government funding. It was intended that 250 were to be built each week. Sadly, that target was never met.

The Pathfinder was soon followed by the J40 Roadster — re-styled to resemble their then-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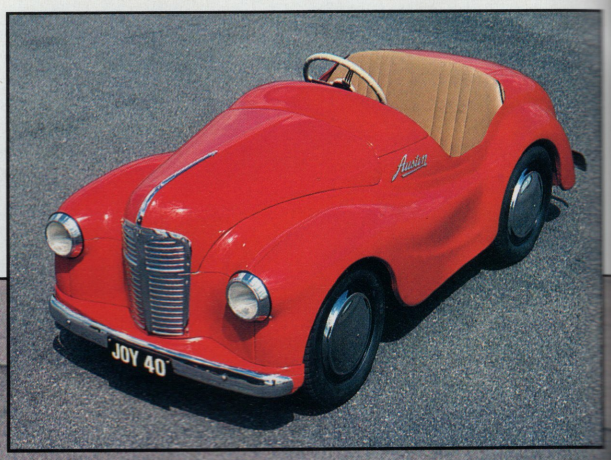
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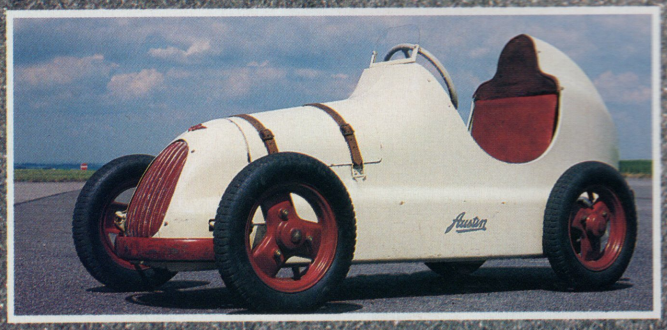
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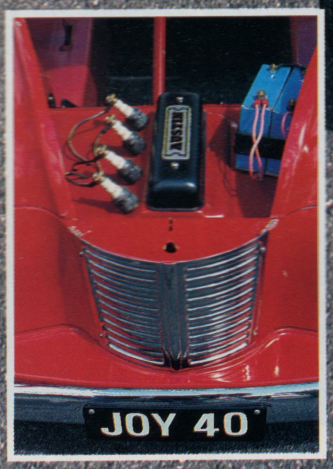
JOY 40

current A40 Devon model, as the Austin 10 was going out of production. The Roadster was to sell at £20 (plus £6 purchase tax), and the Pathfinder at £16 (plus £5 purchase tax) — expensive in those days. But the J40 was extremely well made and equipped. It had working headlights and horn, detachable wheels with Dunlop pneumatic tyres, and the bonnet opened to reveal a fake engine, with real spark plugs and two 4.5 volt batteries. It was a child's dream come true, and just like the real thing — apart from the removal of the bonnet mascot, considered dangerous should children fall on it.

Over 31,000 were sold before production finished in September 1971, but, like most toys, they were badly treated, and wound up on scrap heaps. Enter the members of the J40 Owners Club. Blessed with more than their fair share of nostalgia, they started rescuing these reminders of childhood and restoring them. It was not an easy task. The tools for parts had long since disappeared, but many of the J40 fans were used to restoring full-sized vehicles, so they set out making their own. Today owners vary from museums, who would not let a child near their cherished exhibits to individuals who have restored them for their youngsters to run. And the rewards for the long man hours put into restoration are considerable — though very few do it with this in mind. Untouched J40s can be found in newspaper columns for a few hun pounds. Some are purchased from fairgrou where, minus their running gear, they've be used on rides. Others, in a state of u dilapidation, can be acquired for a few pou At auction, returned to near mint condition, Roadsters regularly fetch over £1,000. T Pathfinder, which ceased production after a years (it's estimated that only 3,500 were e built, and around 100 exist today), can be w double that.

But most owners, just as in their childho would not part with their J40 at any price. T rest of us who fancy reliving our childhood have to consider writing a note to Santa!

Main picture below and inset: The Pathfinder pedal car is the replica of an early Austin racing car, characterised by its high back rest and bonnet straps. Four pictures right hand page: Alternate views of the J40 and Pathfinder. Austin started production of these historic pedal cars in 1949.

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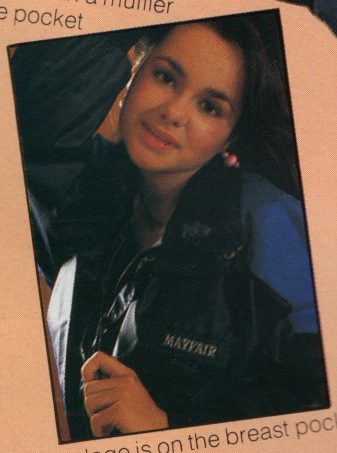

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WANTED

continued from page 82

touching my buttocks, the hirsute sides of my legs.

'What else do you like?' I murmured. She closed her eyes. 'Use your imagination!'

I used my eyesight and palms, running them lightly over her body, noticing when she whimpered, when she moved, when she held her breath. Her bottom was extremely sensitive, and she shuddered each time I brushed her inner thighs.

'Is my imagination okay?' I murmured. It had been a while for me, but I sensed it had been a whole lot longer for her. In answer, she reached out and tried to guide me into her. With difficulty I held back, rimming my cock round her opening till she squealed. 'God, please, Gerry, put it in! Yes, your imagination's just right!'

Obligingly I plunged forward. She was writhing wet and wilful. She put a hand down and played butterfly light, with my balls, freed her fingers, circled them round to the crack in my rear. I started off thrusting slowly, but the sound trapped in my head was speeding up. Christ, Jesus, almost, almost, almost... found my opening, eased in one digit in... yes, yes, yes! The exquisite come shot through every fibre of my lower torso, and I groaned loudly and lengthily against her breasts.

Silence, satiation, sleep. We dozed, still entangled. After a long time I began to stir again. She noticed, smiled. 'I've got to eat. I normally have a sandwich after my swim.'

I gazed down at my wakening organ: 'A dietician should know there's lots of nutrition there!'

'This one's a vegetarian,' she said lightly. Oh, well, it was worth a try. I stretched out on the pillows. 'Hey, my neighbour left a pizza leaflet. They'll deliver — why not give them a phone?'

Naked, she walked out of the bedroom. 'Forget it. Oh, the Tuna And Banana one's ringed in red. This guy wasn't five foot, was he, with a pregnant wife, and two cats?'

My eyes, which had been gently closing, flew open. 'Christ, yes, he was! Colleague of your husband's?' I rushed into the hall.

Face turned away from me, she picked up the phone. 'Don't touch it! It's probably bugged.' When she turned round, I saw she was laughing. 'Couldn't resist it, Gerry. *You* told me about your neighbour, you dolt!'

'God,' I began to relax again. 'You bitch!'

She decided she'd settle for a sandwich. I made her one, and we hurried back to bed. 'Now you've got to sing for your supper,' I murmured.

It didn't take long: her labia was swollen and red. And it wasn't so much a song — more screeching.

Coming, she clung to me like lycra. Her fingers squeezed my arm, mouth stretched and wild.

'Eric never did that for me,' she said, panting. 'What else didn't he do?'

She shrugged: 'At one time, he did almost everything.'

'Like this, perhaps?'

Taking her by the waist, I positioned her on hands and knees, rear against my cock, 'Now, miss, I'm conducting this *investigation*.' She arched her back expectantly: she was game. 'And I think I've found the correct *department*.'

I shuddered, sliding into her slippery slit.

Nothing which followed was suspect, though she didn't come quietly. She was allowed one phone call, after which I held her overnight. I conducted body searches hourly, and she helped me with my enquiries every inch of the way.

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Susie

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ULF STJERNBO

Twenty-two-year-old Susie Rushmore made a memorable impression with readers when she made her *Mayfair* debut as a sexy student teacher back in Vol 24 No 5. Cheltenham-born Susie was completing a teacher training course at the time, but now has her eyes set on a modelling career. 'It's a change of career plan, but I think I've made the right decision. If not I can always return to teaching if things don't work out on the modelling front.'

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With her Bardot pout, Betty Boop eyes, and neatly packaged 34B-22-34 inch body, Susie has the looks to take her far. 'It's up to the readers to decide that. Men like different things in women, so who knows, I maybe somebody's favourite out there.' As for Susie's choice in men, she prefers natural, down to earth guys. I'm not into flashy club types. Give me a guy who likes a pie and a pint any day.'

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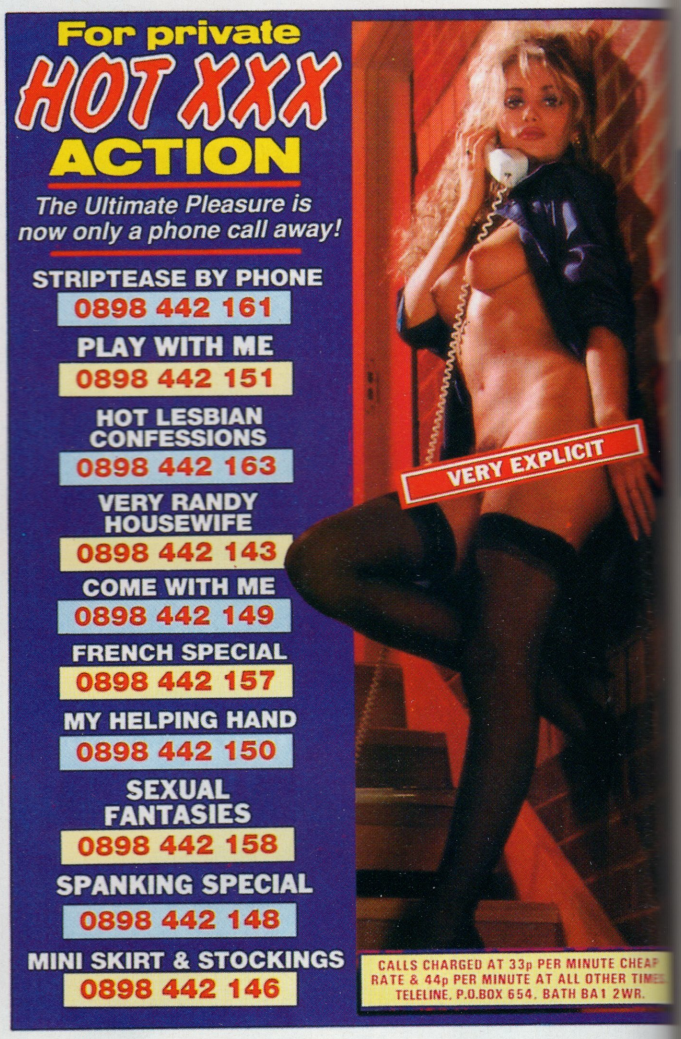
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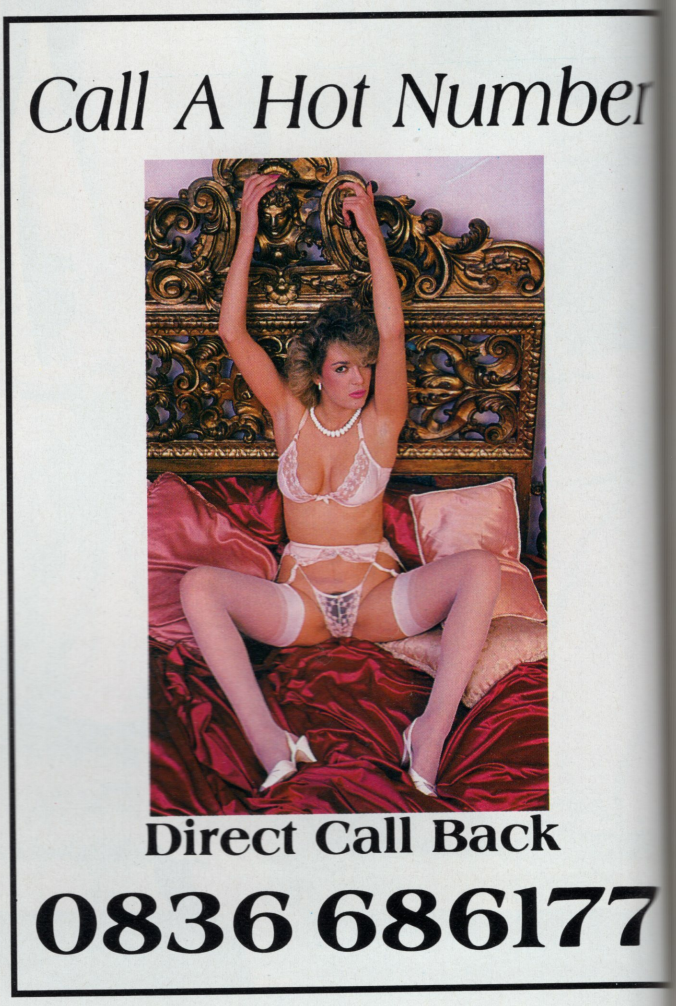
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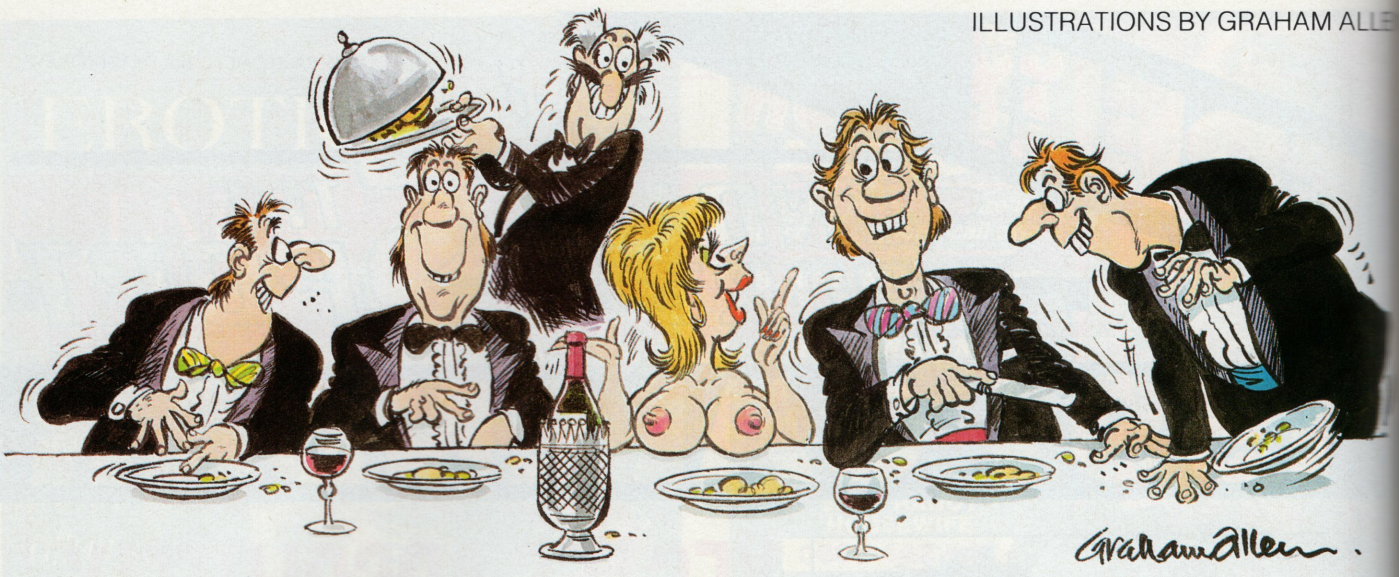


'The Cambridge Boat Race Crew invited me to stay for dinner. Next day they crashed their boat'

Whether being touched up by a randy OAP or chased topless round the block by an over-excited City gent, the lot of a strippagram girl is as unpredictable as it is sexy

There's no business like the show-your-boobs business — comic capers of the Strippagram girls

True-life humour by Horniman Ward

There's no business like show-your-tits business! That's what Ginny says, and she should know. This Christmas she reckons she'll gatecrash around 100 parties in pubs, private houses and offices all over the capital. Dressed up as anything from a nurse to a nun, she'll flash her fine pair of 38s, possibly sing a bit, then plaster her chosen victim with freshly applied lipstick, before dashing off to the next venue. At this time of year, this sexy stripping version of Santa Claus will visit anything up to eight parties a day, never knowing exactly what each has in store.

Randy old men, randy young men, angry girlfriends, jealous secretaries — Ginny's endured the lot. There's just no predicting what effect a 38-inch blonde squeezed into a 36-inch satin basque, black stockings and high heels will have.

Take last Christmas Day. Whilst most of us were watching the Queen, Ginny was being touched up by an 80-year-old man. She'd been invited to a smart house in Richmond to serve loveable old Grandad his Christmas pudding, so she chose a subtle little number from her vast array of disguises. Dressed in a schoolgirl's blouse and tie, with a mini-skirt and a pair of staggeringly high heels to assist her in the only direction she needs extra inches, namely upwards, she marched in.

'The whole family were gathered round the table.' Ginny told me, her business assets unfettered beneath a red sweatshirt for once and jostling one another like an impatient crowd. 'Then I burst, in dressed as a naughty schoolgirl! ''Oooh! Look, Grandad!'' said the young Mum, ''There's a young lady to see you!'' Frail old Grandad's eyes lit up like Blackpool illuminations — his 80-odd Christmases had all come at once.

'''Ahhh! How sweet,'' I thought and gave him a big lipsticky kiss, then sat down next to him. I picked up his bowl of Christmas pud, and started spoon-feeding him. He was loving it. Then suddenly, he pulled me on his lap.

'''Oh good old Grandad!'' cried his family, but whilst he may have been old he certainly wasn't good! Suddenly I felt this frail finger sliding inside my skirt towards my knickers. I tried to stop it but he was remarkably strong for an old codger. Then the family started singing *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*, and I felt this finger slip inside my knickers. Thanks to arthritis it was probably the stiffest part of his body, and he was making the most of it. I wanted to slap him, but the family were still singing away. It's the last time I fall for the frail old man routine.'

But if Grandad got a little overheated, some receptions are a little cooler. She walked into one house wrapped in just her best basque, ostensibly as a birthday present for a young man from his wife. 'Where's the party?' she asked.

'Oh there's no party,' said the wife. 'He's through here.'

Ginny went through into the lounge to find a middle-aged man sitting on his own reading a book.

'I had to flash my boobs, kiss him and sit on his knee in total silence save for his wife clicking away with a Polaroid,' Ginny told me. 'Then she helped me back on with my coat, and I left. They did offer me a cup of tea . . .'

Twenty-eight-year old Sally, a veritable veteran of the gram business from West London, on the other hand, got offered the chance to stay for a full five-course meal — possibly because she was only wearing a g-string at the time. The year was 1984, and the occasion no less than a 'Good Luck' dinner for the Cambridge Boat Race Crew.

'They'd asked for topless greeting,' recalled Sally, 'but then, unknown to me, they changed their mind and wanted a fully dressed one instead. Unfortunately, I was on the way there by the time the message came through. So I stripped off, and everyone was very happy. So much so, they let me join them. Then I discovered why they'd changed their minds. The trainer and his teenage daughter came in. Sitting down behind the table, I must have looked completely naked!'

Did it have any effect on Cambridge's performance?

'Unfortunately yes. That was the year Cambridge crashed in practice, breaking their boat.'

If rowers are rather shy about girls stripping, jockeys are far from it. Sally thought she was for

the high jump when she was invited to a post-meeting party at a well known race course. She burst in, stripped off completely, then had to dance on the dinner table.

'The jockeys were most appreciative,' she remembered with a giggle. 'but they did have an odd way of showing it. Instead of applauding, they all got their willies out and banged them on the table! And believe me, not everything about those guys is small. Some were obviously carrying a few pounds overweight!'

Sally's favourite character is her naughty nurse. Dressed in a mini uniform with the obligatory black stockings and suspenders, and with the hospital's permission, she goes into men's wards to raise a patient's pulse to dangerous levels. It can be a tricky operation.

Recently she had to visit a young man with a 'Good Luck' message from his work colleagues just before his operation. Slipping into the ward, she click-clacked up to his bed.

'Good afternoon,' she said authoritatively. 'I'm the nurse in charge of anaesthetics. I just have to check a few things.' With that, she pushed the wrong end of her borrowed stethoscope to his chest and tried to listen to his heart.

'Hmm, that seems fine,' she lied. 'Now can you show me the affected area?'

At that point, the patient lifted the bedclothes, pulled down his pyjama trousers and turned round. Nobody had told Sally he was having an operation on his piles! Undaunted she slapped him on the bottom, and went into her slow sensual strip-tease.

'Fine bloody anaesthetist you are,' joked the patient after his special treatment. 'You've woken me up!''

If Nurse Sally is a less than convincing member of the medical profession, WPC Ginny has the opposite problem. Her official-looking starched white blouse and black skirt, second-hand hat and acting ability have caused such a disturbance that at least two celebrations nearly became matters for the real boys in blue.

'Two years ago when we had the really cold winter, I had to surprise a greengrocer in Croydon,' Policewoman Ginny informed me. 'So I proceeded in a southerly direction on his birthday. I'd been told to go to the shop, mention some minor fault with his van, which was always parked outside, then start stripping. Unfortunately it didn't work out that way.'

Ginny found the van and shop okay, but when she marched in, she found the owner didn't take too kindly to members of the police force — however busty.

'Is that your vehicle outside?' she asked him. He said it was. 'Well, in light of the recent icy conditions, I have to warn you your tyres are a bit bald.'

The result was dramatic. He went wild.

'Bald! Bald! They're not fucking bald!' he screamed.

She gulped but carried on.

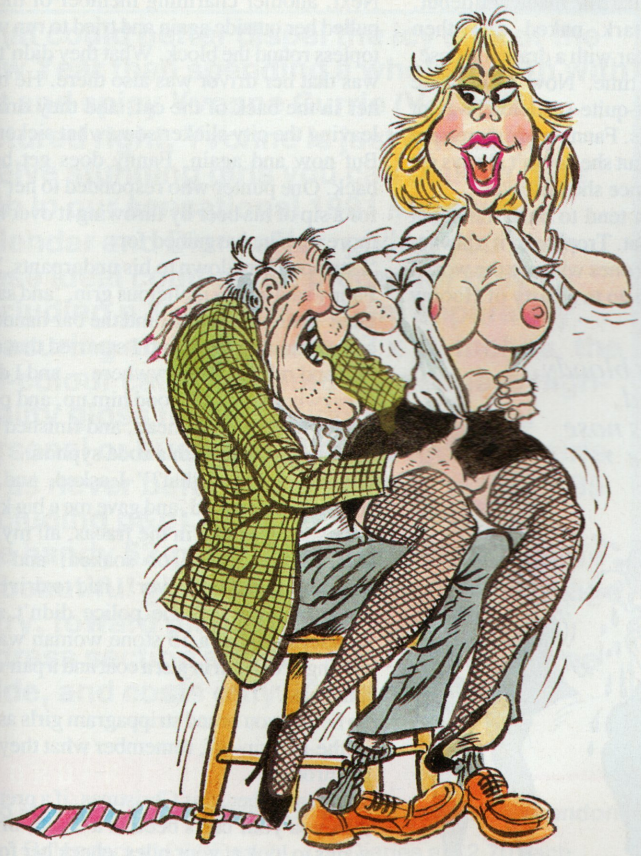
'Well, they are a wee bit, sir, and with this ice . . .' She didn't get any further.

'I'll show you they're not fucking bald!' he shouted and dragged her outside to the van. 'Measure them!'

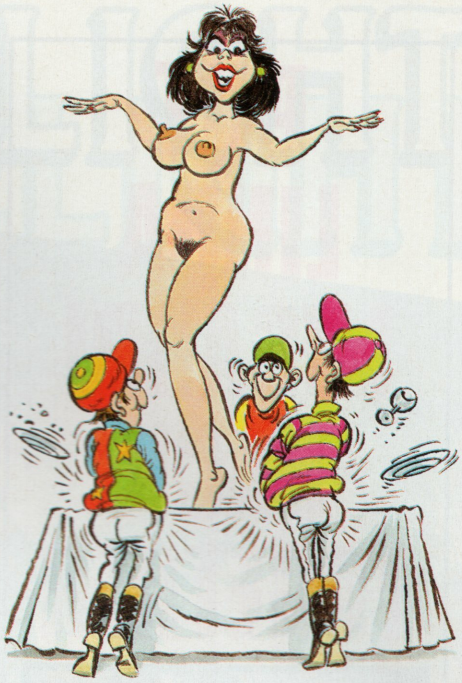
'It's okay sir, I'm not going to charge you. It's just a warning.'

So Ginny dutifully went round each tyre, pretending to measure the tread. After the third, she gave up and started to strip off. It was too late.

'I don't know why you don't piss off and bother somebody else!' shouted the greengrocer at the unbuttoning constable, and stormed back inside. Another car tip-off only resulted in trouble for our non-commissioned officer. She'd been told



''Good old grandad,'' I thought. Then I felt this frail finger slide inside my knickers . . .



'The jockeys were appreciative but they did have an odd way of showing it'

that the birthday boy had just bought a brand new Cavalier, though he had left it at home to go to the pub for the celebrations. Dressed in her uniform and decidedly non-standard issue six-inch heels, and enough lipstick to repaint London's pillar boxes, she marched in.

'Excuse me, is the owner of a G-reg Cavalier in here?' she asked politely. A man at the bar went ashen — his mates, in on the act, smiled. 'I'm sorry sir, but your car has been stolen and involved in an accident. It's been sliced in half by a lorry!'

Ginny kept a straight face, even if his friends didn't. The victim didn't either. He burst into tears! His mates tried to calm him down, offering him a drink. It was no good.

'No, let me get to my car,' he wailed. 'I must get to my car!'

WPC Ginny thought quickly.

'I'm afraid that's impossible, sir,' she said, then adding impossibility to implausibility. 'You see it was a Weetabix lorry and your car is currently under several tons of breakfast cereal. We have to examine it for . . . err . . . finger prints.'

The tears cascaded down his cheeks, his whole body racked with sobs. Ginny decided there was nothing for it but to arrest the crying with ample evidence of her large bosom. She started stripping. Off came the blouse, and then the skirt was taken down, until she was all-but-topless in a black satin basque, sitting on his lap, smothering him in scarlet lipstick. But, instead of coming quietly, he still cried.

'What a rotten bloody week!' he sobbed, almost wiping his nose on naked nipple. Ginny just couldn't persuade him it was all a joke.

'I think he thought that was the way the modern police force consoled victims of theft,' laughed Ginny.

Not that everyone is so oblivious of Ginny's charms. One customer actually offered her no less than £10,000 for a night in bed. She turned it down flat. However her boyfriend, who sometimes acts as her minder on such occasions, took him on one side, 'Tell you what, son,' he whispered. 'Give us £100 and I'll tell you what it's like!'

Mind you, there's one strippagram girl who is

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What better way to combat executive stress than by doing a jigsaw — especially when the subject is as sensual as the lovely Linda Lusardi. You can piece together the ex-Page Three Girl of the Year in her soaked white shirt again and again to form a ravishing picture measuring over 11 x 8½ inches. Hand-cut and wooden-backed, our jigsaw recalls Linda's heyday, it's over 100 pieces of history! An ideal fun present, our Linda Lusardi jigsaw costs just £2.50 (inc p&p). Order yours before they run out.

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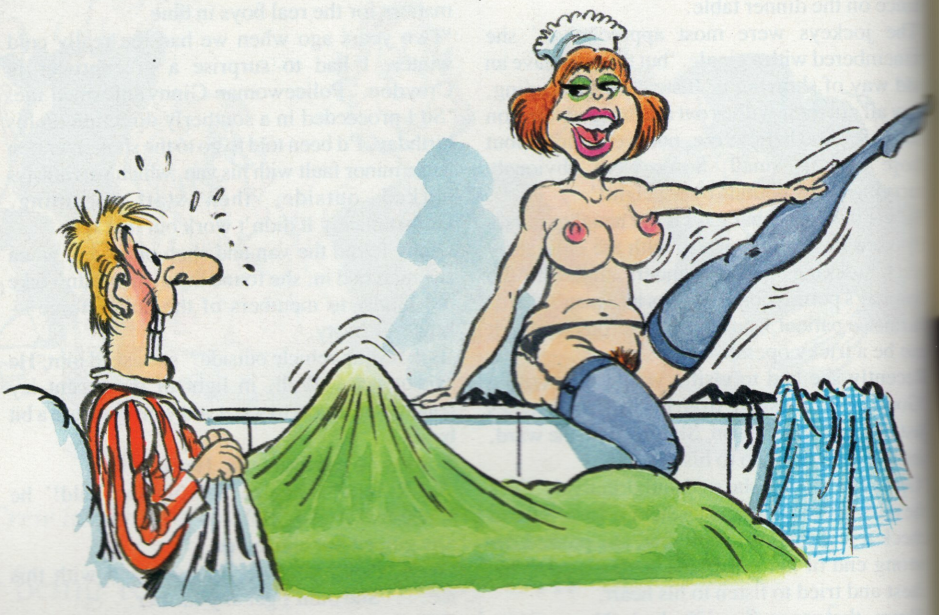

''Fine anaesthetist you are,'' he said. ''You've woken me up!''

unlikely to be offered £10 let alone £10,000 for a night of passion. 'Funny Fanny Firkin' is what is euphemistically described as a 'roly-poly-gram.' At 15 stone with a 46-36-44 figure, she certainly rolls a lot — in several directions at once, in fact. But like most women, she likes to watch her weight.

'It was awful last year,' she told me. 'I wasn't very well and went right down to 13½ stone! Fortunately, I've put it all back on now!'

Despite her size, Fanny knew she was cut out to be a stripper early in life. She made her debut, opening the door stark naked and then welcoming the local vicar with a dramatic pose. She was eight at the time. Now in her late twenties, dressed in not-quite-sufficiently-giant underwear and stockings. Fanny is an impressive sight by any standards, but she doesn't always get treated with the reverence she deserves.

'Because I'm big, men tend to push me about more, but I'm used to that. Trouble is, it's always the respectable looking ones who are the worst. Last Christmas I had to go to a party of Hooray Henries in a City wine bar. They were all high up in famous companies, but after a few bottles of champers they were far from some businessmen!'

'There she is!' the paralytic captains of industry cried as soon as they saw her, and pulled her to the door.

'Right, let's see what you've got!' shouted one and pulled off her bra without even undoing it — obviously a strong man! Then they squirted her from head-to-toe with a soda syphon.

Next, another charming member of the bunch pulled her outside again and tried to run with her topless round the block. What they didn't realise was that her driver was also there. He bundled her in the back of the car, and they drove off, leaving the city slicker somewhat sicker.

But now and again, Fanny does get her own back. One punter who responded to her request for a sip of his beer by throwing it over her, got more than he bargained for.

'I stripped him down to his underpants,' Funny Fanny said with a malicious grin, 'and sat on his face! Then the man behind the bar handed me a can of shaving foam and I squirted that all over him and rubbed it everywhere — and I do mean everywhere. Next I stood him up, and poured a pint of beer over his head, and finished him off by deluging him with a soda syphon.

'''Did you enjoy that?'' I asked, and, to my surprise, he laughed, and gave me a big kiss. The only snag was that in the fracas, all my clothes were either ripped or soaked, and on this occasion, I had no driver! I had to drive myself home, scared stiff the police didn't stop me wondering what a 15 stone woman was doing driving at two am in just a coat and a pair of soggy knickers!'

So before you brand strippagram girls as a flash-in-the-pan rip-off, remember what they have to go through.

And remember, this Christmas, if a pretty WPC tells you your car's been in a crash, or a nurse wants to look at your piles, check her footwear. Anything over a two inch heel — and you could be in for a kiss and cuddle and a good gawp at some tremendous tits! Here's hoping . . .

''What a rotten bloody week!'' he sobbed, almost wiping his nose on a naked nipple

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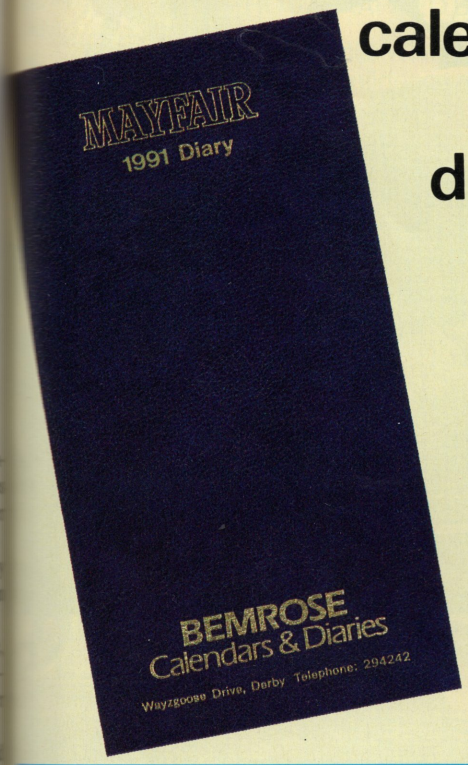

Yvonne Currie (MAYFAIR, Volume 24, Nun

What could better dispel the icy chill of the New Year than spending a whole month with hot and spicy Yvonne Currie (Vol 24/4), pictured right. Yvonne is just one of the twelve stunning girls you can make a date with in our sensational 1991 *Mayfair* Calendar and Diary offer, giving you both these ideal companion pieces for only £5 (including p & p). Or buy them separately. Measuring an impressive 17 x 10 inches, the full-colour calendar features a superb high-quality gloss finish, making it the ideal personal or business gift. It shows our girls off as never before, and sells for only £2.95 (including p&p).

The handy 52-page diary features the same 12 beautiful girls, as well as month and page entry, foward planner, telephone and address section and the *Mayfair* good wine guide, and costs only £2.70.

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CELIA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAG OHRLUND

Meeting 24-year-old Celia Whitfield for the first time is quite an experience. She has a confidence and vitality that makes this eye-catching 36-24-34 inch blonde from Leamington Spa, stand out from the crowd. 'I simply have a positive outlook on life. I try to fill my time as best as possible, and hate sitting about doing nothing.'

Most of it is spent working as a care assistant in a local old folks home. 'I must seem very different compared to some of your other models, but I get a great deal of satisfaction from my work. Let's face it, we all get old sooner or later.' Celia's ultimate ambition is to run her own nursing home. 'I could really see myself as the upstanding matron,' she laughs. 'The only problem is these pictures would soon shatter the illusion.' Even when Celia's not officially on duty, she still finds time to take old people out and about on trips. 'It doesn't matter how old a person is, they can still learn and enjoy things from life. Too often people just give up.' Does she ever hanker after a more high profile career? 'Not at all. The pay may be poor, but at least I meet plenty of male doctors

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A great lover of the outdoor life, Celia finds nothing more enjoyable than an afternoon ramble. 'Warwick Castle has to be one of my favourite places to go walking. The grounds are so beautiful, and the place just oozes history. The Castle's also meant to be haunted which adds to the atmosphere.' Celia also likes touring around some of the county's oldest churches. 'There are some fascinating ones just outside Stratford, and I remember as a little girl going on brass rubbing expeditions to a couple of them with my parents.' Now and again however, Celia does like to live it up, and she can be seen dancing at the *Chesford Grange* night club at weekends. Variety is obviously the spice of life where Celia is concerned. 'Live life to the full. That is always my motto.'

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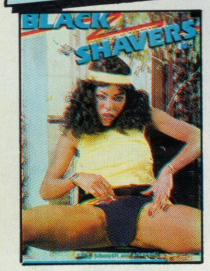

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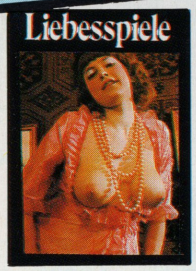

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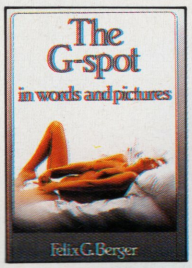

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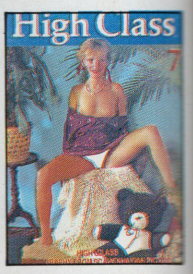

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QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

For many couples masturbation is something that would seem to have no place in a fulfilling sexual relationship. But, as this month's Quest demonstrates, men and women find ways to incorporate it into their sexual lives can often reap invaluable erotic dividends

PERSONAL FILE
Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . . Female
Age. . . . 24 years
Town of Origin. . . . Pembroke
Other details. . . . This attractive dark-haired interviewee trained as a teacher but now works as a PA in insurance. She lives with her boyfriend.

Quest: Why were you so surprised to find masturbation bringing you and Philip together?
PA: I was amazed to find it bringing me together with *anyone*! If it was going to be something that outrageous, it should have been Julian.
Quest: This was another boyfriend?
PA: This was *the* boyfriend. The sort of man I dreamed of meeting back home, and never did. Good-looking, experienced, someone to sweep me off my feet. Actually, I resent being pushed around like mad. But at 19 you don't know that.
Quest: That's when you met Julian?
PA: I had a vacation job for a marketing company in London, as a gopher for Julian's secretary. I thought he was wonderful.
Quest: You found him attractive?
PA: He was a chunkier version of Christopher Reeve, who I happen to think is gorgeous. He was also the most dynamic person I'd ever met. A bit rough round the edges, always claiming he was the world's biggest bullshitter, which I took for modesty. I should have believed him. He was only 32, and on his second divorce. He even blandly announced he'd had a vasectomy.
Quest: Who seduced whom?
PA: Him, all the way. He flirted, but I didn't know what he really felt until one day his secretary was off. He breezed into my room at five and announced that he was seeing clients that night; he'd been taking his secretary; would I mind stepping in? I actually had a date — with a girlfriend — so at least I was presentable. I thought my luck had changed.
Quest: Had it?
PA: After he'd kept me working until eight, we went to this dinner party in North London. The other guests seemed more like friends than clients to me. I had the feeling they thought I was Julian's 'latest'. About eleven he said he had an early start and had to go. As soon as we were in the car, he suggested a nightcap at his flat, which

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was on my way home — give or take ten miles!
Quest: Did you expect to be seduced?
PA: I was desperately hoping he'd try. His flat was quite small, but very elegant. He told me to get us some drinks from a bar in the living room, and disappeared. When he came back, he said, 'I like sleeping on the right; is that OK with you?' I nearly dropped the glasses! Which was obviously the effect he wanted. He just grinned, took the glasses out of my hands and kissed me. By the time we came up for air I was jelly. Then we kissed again, more passionately, and he started tugging at the zip of my dress.
Quest: Were you a virgin?
PA: No, but I was still very shy. I asked him if he minded turning out the light. He said, 'Let's be civilized about this. Why don't you have a shower and freshen up?' I immediately thought I had BO! But I let him show me the bathroom, then he left me. That's when I wondered if I was making it too easy for him. Then I thought I couldn't possibly just walk out, so I undressed.
Quest: Did you lock the door?
PA: There wasn't a lock. Of course, the second I was under the shower, the door opened and Julian squeezed into the cubicle behind me. 'You didn't think I'd leave you to scrub your back on your own, did you?' he said. I didn't know whether to be embarrassed or shocked or what — that sort of thing didn't happen in Wales. Not to me, anyway! But he did actually start to soap my back. That relaxed me a bit, though I could feel his thing pushing against my bottom. Then his hands began to slide round onto my breasts, rubbing the soap into my nipples.
Quest: You had intercourse?
PA: He kept squeezing my boobs with one hand. Then he slid his other hand down between my legs and began to soap my pubes. He was actually just stroking my pussy, which excited me a lot. I was afraid he'd bring me off like that, so I tried to squirm round.
Quest: Why didn't you want him to masturbate you to a climax?
PA: Embarrassment, I suppose — because it was so close to what I did to myself, which, of course, I couldn't admit. Perhaps I thought he'd guess. Anyway, it worked. He started panting and gasping. His thing felt incredibly stiff. I thought we'd go into the bedroom, but he just held me round the waist. Somehow we got down on the floor of the cubicle — I was sort of half kneeling, half leaning against the tiles. He opened my legs, slid into me from behind and screwed me.
Quest: Did you enjoy it?
PA: I'd never actually done it that way before. But it felt wonderful, especially when he came. I found out later doing it in the shower was Julian's special turn-on. I thought I was being incredibly depraved. Of course, when I went back to college, I could only see him at weekends. It just petered out.
Quest: You got bored?
PA: I got fed up with being taken for granted. And the sex side was a bit disappointing, too.
Quest: Why?
PA: Julian didn't like the idea of lounging around in bed, cuddling and perhaps doing it more than once. Even early on, I'd find myself still excited after he'd gone. I'd touch myself. The stupid thing was, doing that I'd always think about what Julian and I had just been up to. In the end it seemed stupid that fantasising about sex with him satisfied me more than doing it. It took me a long time to get over him, though.
Quest: But Philip helped?
PA: Philip was just a chum for a long time. He was another student teacher; I knew him before Julian. I always thought he was a bit wimpish because he was quiet, but we always got on well. I always suspected he fancied me a bit, but I never thought it was serious. I used to tell him all about Julian.
Quest: Including the fact that you masturbated?
PA: In a roundabout way, yes. I was in Philip's room once, waiting for him, and I found these naughty magazines — including *Mayfair*! I joked about them when he came back. Of course, he went scarlet. Then I said, 'You don't need these, do you?' He made that old joke about meeting a better class of person in your fantasies. So I said, 'But you don't know the girls in the pictures — how can you feel anything for them?' Which started a discussion about male and female views of sex. He claimed that at the crucial point — ie, when I was about to come — that was all I cared about. It didn't matter who was making me come. Which I denied. Later, though, I thought he might be right. When I did touch myself it was a Julian-type situation I dreamed about — it didn't have to be Julian himself doing it to me. The other clue, of course, was that the conversation had turned me on something rotten! I even started to think that I might actually fancy Philip.
Quest: Did you?
PA: He wasn't unattractive; he just didn't fit my image of what a lover should be. Then I thought, 'Well, Philip hasn't tried anything in nearly two years, do I have to make the first move?' Which didn't inspire me at all.
Quest: But you did it, anyway?
PA: In the end I had to be embarrassingly obvious. I had to call at his room to borrow a book, quite late one night. He was studying, but he told me to make myself a coffee. Near the kettle I found one of his naughty books — to be honest, I had to lift a few things and look. You know how magazines fall open at the pages you've looked at most. There were some pictures of this small, dark, bosomy girl, who I thought looked very like me. Then Philip turned round from his desk, so I took the magazine over and teased him. I was quite merciless. He admitted he 'quite fancied' the girl, so I asked him what turned him on most — was it her face, her legs, her boobs, which were actually enormous. Of course, he should have just told me to shut up, but he's not like that. Then I asked him what he imagined doing to her. He was getting redder and redder. Then he suddenly jumped up, and squeezed past me . . .
Quest: And then?
PA: I threw down the magazine, and went over to him, saying I was sorry. He was by the kettle, and just grunted, wouldn't turn round. So I made him. 'I don't mind if she turns you on,' I snapped. 'I'm quite flattered she looks a bit like me. Shows someone might still find me fanciable.' He looked stunned. 'Don't be stupid,' he said. 'You're incredibly fanciable.' I said, 'You've got a funny way of showing it.' That did it.
Quest: He made a pass?
PA: He kissed me. I ended up staying the night.
Quest: You made love?
PA: We sort of fell onto the bed, and went on kissing and cuddling, until things got too uncomfortable. Then Philip helped me get my sweater and jeans off. He undressed to his underpants. We cuddled some more, and I let him take my bra off, and caress my boobs. Finally we both took our pants off together, had a bit of an embarrassing moment about condoms, and did it.
Quest: Enjoyably?
PA: Yes. It wasn't as frantic as it had been with Julian, but a gradual build-up made it so much more explosive when we did let go. Then Philip actually apologised for letting fly too quickly, which I hadn't noticed at all. He was stiff again in about ten minutes, came back inside me, and this time seemed to go on forever. In fact, it was the first time I actually had my climax from just screwing. We've been together ever since.
Quest: Do you still masturbate?
PA: No, not in the way I did with Julian, anyway.
Quest: Thank you.

Philip was right. When I brought myself off, I never thought about a particular man doing it to me

PERSONAL FILE
Name . . . . Withheld
Sex . . . . Male
Age . . . . 28 years
Town of Origin . . . . Bristol
Other details . . . . This interviewee joined the Civil Service after university and now works in London. He owns his own flat.

Quest: How do you find women's attitudes to masturbation?
Civil Servant: I don't think it's the sort of thing they discuss freely. It tends to be more educated, or more mature women who do. I think some

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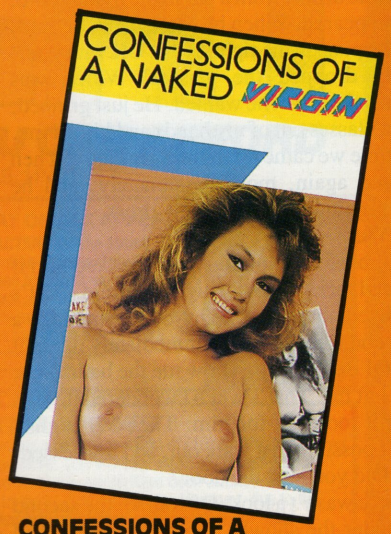

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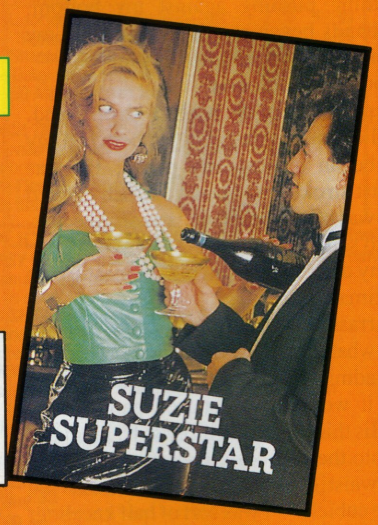

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women have a kind of fascination with *male* masturbation, though.

Quest: You're speaking from experience?

Civil Servant: Two experiences, actually. I'm surprised I haven't turned into a flasher!

Quest: What happened?

Civil Servant: This was a girl I met at a party when I was 18 — she must have been about the same age, and gorgeous. Tiddly, too unfortunately, which probably explains why she was talking to me; I was pretty introverted then. We sort of bumped into each other on a sofa in a dark, crowded room — though I'd actually been ogling her from afar for a couple of hours. What she seemed to be saying was that she'd walked in on her boyfriend and found him playing with himself, which struck me as a criminal waste when he had her around. She couldn't understand it, either. She wanted to know what men found so fascinating about stroking their own whatsits.

Quest: Did you tell her?

Civil Servant: I wasn't even sure if she knew what she was saying. All I did know was that sitting so close to her, talking like this, was making a personal demonstration more and more likely! But the very last thing I expected was actually being asked to do it.

Quest: She did that?

Civil Servant: She had to lean towards me, because someone pushed past her, and her hand went down into my lap. I think that was genuinely accidental. But I jerked back. She giggled, and said, 'What's that?' I didn't really want to explain in the middle of a crowded room, however dark. Suddenly she grabbed my hand, said, 'Come on — you can solve the mystery for me,' and got up. She led me out the room, down a crowded hall, and into a little room near the back door, piled up with people's coats. I'd have followed a girl like that anywhere, especially when she shut the door and leaned against it, not even bothering to turn on the light. Then she wriggled up against me and slid her knee between mine, so our crotches touched. This was the stuff of a thousand fantasies! But, when I reached down to kiss her, she pushed me away. 'No,' she said. 'I just want you to show me. That's all I want.'

Quest: How much light was there?

Civil Servant: A window to the front of the house, with light from the porch. Enough to see by. I obviously looked flabbergasted, because she grinned, squirmed up close again and flicked my zip, telling me not to be shy.

Quest: So you exposed yourself to her?

Civil Servant: You make me sound a raging perve! I knew it was stupid — she could have screamed the place down. But I thought, 'Well, if she goes this far, she's bound to go further.' So I did it. Not blatantly — just opened my zip three or four inches, and extricated myself.

Quest: Presumably you still had an erection?

Civil Servant: The start of one. She immediately pushed my hand away, peered down and said, 'Well, go on, then. Aren't you going to get any bigger than that?' I said she could help me. She shook her head. 'No,' she said. 'I want to see you do it on your own.'

Quest: So you masturbated in front of her?

Civil Servant: No! She seemed so uninvolved, so un-erotic I just felt myself wilting. I tried to explain I couldn't just do it like that, when the door jerked open and a man's voice said, 'June' — or 'Tracey' or whatever — 'what are you doing in here in the dark?' It was the boyfriend, I assume; I didn't stay to find out. I nearly did myself a damage re-zipping, and bolted. But that incident formed a pretty reliable part of my fantasy library for years afterwards. I'm sure it's why I was so susceptible to Maria. She was my second experience of that kind. She was bossy, too.

Quest: How did you meet?

Civil Servant: Another party — I sound like a party animal; I'm not at all, actually. She was very striking, quite a sensual face, with really luxurious, thick black hair. She was also Polish, and very extrovert. At the party she was wearing a kind of leopard skin leotard, so you couldn't really miss her, but she had a good figure. I thought she was about 27 — this was when I was 25. In fact, she was 34. *She* picked *me* up. I can't imagine her letting anyone do that to her. I gave her a lift home, and we went straight to bed, which is the first time that has ever happened to me. She had a small, top floor flat. We sat on the sofa, drank Polish vodka and chatted. Then out of the blue she said, 'You want to stay, don't you?' I gulped, and said yes. 'Good,' she said. 'You go to bed first. I'll follow. I'm always a little shy the first time. Next time I'll be fine.' She always gave me the feeling I was on a kind of production line! Always on about previous lovers — at least, I assumed they were previous. But she was quite a woman.

Quest: Including sexually?

Civil Servant: She was the most sexual person I've ever been out with. Her body was getting a bit soft — in the leotard her boobs had looked tremendous, but, out of her bra, they were actually quite floppy. But, in bed, she was very, very passionate, very responsive. When she started to have her climax, you really had to hang on!

Quest: You had no problems doing that for her?

Civil Servant: I'm sure I didn't do much for her the first night, even though we did it three times, including the morning. The second night I was just about to get on board, when she sat up, and said, 'No, not yet, I'm not ready. I'll show you how I like to be touched. It'll be better for both of us.' She was right, too. She seemed to like her pussy to be treated quite roughly. When I did it, she said she was satisfied. But then the third time I stayed was different again. That was *the* incident.

Quest: Go on.

Civil Servant: This time I spent what I thought was a lot of time on her boobs and her clitoris, until she was virtually pulling me inside her. *I* enjoyed it. Afterwards we were both sprawled on the bed — I was half dozing — when I felt her moving against me. I looked round, and she had her legs apart, with her hand working away between them. I asked her what she was up to. She just smiled, and said she was having 'a little fun'. It must have been obvious from my expression what I thought, especially after what we'd just done, because she looked at me, and said, 'Why? Does it offend you? There's no need to feel that way.' Which only made me huffier. 'You have to understand,' she said, 'the climaxes you give me and the ones I give myself are completely different. Sometimes I like one, sometimes I like the other; sometimes I like both.' Then she started on about some lover she'd mentioned before. 'Actually, it turned him on tremendously to watch me excite myself; it turned us both on.' That didn't help me, either. This happened all the time in the relationship. She'd do something I couldn't handle, I'd feel an idiot, and she'd cajole me out of it. She always got her way.

Quest: So she continued masturbating in front of you?

Civil Servant: Her hand didn't stop moving. Then she said, 'Don't let's be babies — it's not disgusting, it's beautiful — here, you do it with me.' I thought she meant me to stroke her at the same time, but, when I reached out, she laughed, took my hand, and put it down on my cock. 'No! Separately!' she laughed. 'I want to see how you make yourself feel nice. It'll help me be nice to you. Kneel up so I can see you.' So I did what she wanted.

Quest: Did you enjoy it?

Civil Servant: It *was* a big turn-on, even though it did feel a waste. I knelt up near her head, took hold of myself and basically just started wanking. She turned and stared at my cock as it got longer and stiffer and went on rubbing her crotch. She was saying, 'Oh it looks beautiful — I never see it this big because it's usually inside me — oh, pull it for me, darling — does it make you feel nice? — make it as big as you can for me —' A couple of minutes of that soft purr was enough for me, especially watching her naked body writhe slowly next to me.

Quest: You managed to ejaculate?

Civil Servant: That *wasn't* a problem. As soon as she saw the first bead of sperm at the end of my erection, her hand took over and speeded me up; she seemed to get very excited. 'Oh yes, darling,' she said. 'Are you going to do it? You can't help yourself, can you! I know you're going to do lots. Don't worry about a tissue. You can do it on me. I won't mind. Do it on my breasts — do it all over them —' That was it! The original, out-of-control climax! I exploded everywhere. I couldn't help myself. She let out a great wail as it all happened.

Quest: Was it repeated?

Civil Servant: No. She was just too much for me. She still touched herself when we were together. The last time she wanted me to stroke her breasts while she did it, to give her the feeling two people were making love to her at once. You

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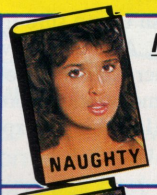

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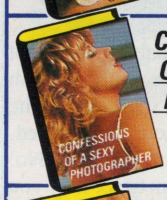

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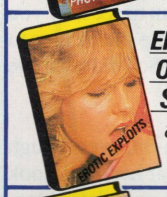

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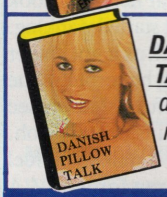

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can't go on jumping through hoops for ever.
Quest: Does masturbation still feature in your love making?
Civil Servant: It *is* my love making currently!
Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name . . . . Withheld
Sex . . . . Female
Age . . . . 32 years
Town of Origin . . . . Leeds
Other details . . . . This blonde interviewee married at 18, had a child and divorced eight years later. She recently re-married and works as a bookkeeper.

Quest: Why do you say your first husband taught you how to masturbate?
Bookkeeper: It was the only way I could get any satisfaction! I can't blame him entirely — much as I'd like to. It frightens me how little I knew about sex when I first got married. Pat, my husband, hardly knew any better — apart from push it in and let fly. Half a minute's worth, if I was lucky. Then the kiddie came along, and Pat started on long-distance trucks. Our sex life was non-existent.
Quest: So you turned to masturbation?
Bookkeeper: I'd always touched myself — everyone does that. But not seriously. I certainly didn't want an affair — not with a kiddie around. Then one day this girlfriend of mine, whose hubby was also away a lot, just let drop that she'd got herself a vibrator and wished she'd had it years ago. I was really shocked — especially when she said her husband had given it to her to keep her on the straight and narrow! She just thought it was a big laugh; she even offered to lend it to me. I said I wasn't interested. A few days later she brought it round — she said her hubby was back and she wouldn't need it. I told her it wouldn't leave its box. But, of course, I had a go in bed that night.
Quest: How exactly?
Bookkeeper: I undressed, lay on top of the bed, and turned the thing on. It was quite small, in fact smaller than Pat's erection — not that I'd had much opportunity to examine that! It just seemed a cold, plastic thing to me. But it did give a nice tingly feeling against your skin. So I put it between my legs, and nearly hit the roof!
Quest: Why?
Bookkeeper: My clitoris is very sensitive. Touching myself normally, I can't bear to rub it directly — not until I'm so worked up I'm practically coming. With the vibrator, it was almost painful. But I experimented. I found if I moved the top of the vibrator round and round my whole crotch, and sort of spiralled it, that seemed to work much better. The best place to put it was just to the right of my clit — close enough to feel the tingling without actually touching. I also found my bottom was incredibly sensitive, too, which was a surprise. It just shows you how inexperienced I was.
Quest: Did you climax?
Bookkeeper: That was the biggest surprise of all. I was just so into these feelings I was getting I didn't realise what it was doing to me. Every time I got a bit over-excited I'd just stop and calm down a bit, then start again, But, of course, that sort of thing builds up. All of a sudden, while I was running the thing up and down my lips, this great burst of feeling swamped me. I was having spasm after spasm. Afterwards I was terrified the neighbours had heard me moaning, because they knew Pat was away.
Quest: So you used the vibrator again?
Bookkeeper: I asked the girlfriend to get me one. I didn't find out till later she asked her husband to buy it for me! Then, of course, Pat found out, and went berserk — accused me of being a lesbian, of all things! But, if I hadn't used the vibrator I think I'd have given up on sex, even after the divorce. I'd certainly have given Dave — my present hubby — short shrift.
Quest: Why?
Bookkeeper: I'd have thought he was a dirty old man. Of course, he *is* a dirty old man! But I'd never have known how much fun that can be.
Quest: How did you meet?
Bookkeeper: At school. We had boys the same age. Dave was 34 then, widowed. I thought he was good-looking and easy to be with, but I'd thought that about Pat, so I kept him at arm's length. But we ended up on the same committee and saw more and more of each other. It wasn't an instant falling into bed. It was a good year before that happened.
Quest: How?
Bookkeeper: We'd started to spend odd Saturdays or Sundays together — because the boys got on well. Then one Saturday night Dave's boy was staying over, so we all had a meal together, and put the kids to bed. Dave was going to leave — and didn't.
Quest: Whose idea was that?
Bookkeeper: Mine. I told him it was silly for him to trek across town, just to come back for breakfast. But, of course, his boy had the spare room, so Dave came in with me.
Quest: And you had sex?
Bookkeeper: I think we were both too keyed up — I know I was worried about the boys

"Up the stairs," he said. "Let's do it in the light so I can appreciate that lovely body"

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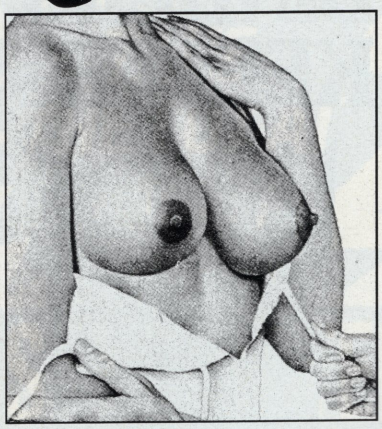

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QUEST

overhearing. I didn't want to put the light on. We had a kiss and a cuddle, then Dave slipped his hand under my nightie and stroked my boobs, which was nice. Then he reached down between my legs, but I didn't want him touching me there — I don't know why. Instead I started tugging at his pants — he had an erection. He took his cue, lifted up my nightie, clambered aboard, and came into me. I don't think I inspired him. But Dave, thank God, didn't leave it at that.

Quest: What did he do?

Bookkeeper: A couple of Saturdays later he turned up on the doorstep with a wine bottle and announced that his sister, who I knew, had offered to take both our boys out for the day and keep them overnight. She was waiting in the car. It was all fixed up. All my boy had to do was go. Dave wouldn't take no for answer. In twenty minutes we were alone in the house for the first time. I asked him what else he'd planned for our day. 'Not a thing,' he said, 'except bed. Now get up those stairs and let's do it in the light so I can appreciate that lovely body of yours!' You can't refuse an offer like that, even at eleven in the morning!

Quest: Was the sex any better this time?

Bookkeeper: It was relaxed, unhurried, gorgeous. I had a shower first, pulled the curtains, and slipped into bed. Dave brought in a couple of glasses of wine, which we drank in bed. Then we kissed and cuddled, I didn't mind Dave feeling between my legs. Then we had intercourse. Dave was much more passionate than before — pushing himself up on his arms when he first came into me, which meant that the sheets fell back and he could see my body properly for the first time. That seemed to make him even more passionate — thank God! He was really slamming into me before he spurted. I hadn't been 'done' so nicely for ages.

Quest: Did you climax?

Bookkeeper: I never expected to like that. That was something I was used to doing for myself. Which, of course, Dave found out immediately.

Quest: How?

Bookkeeper: I was lying there, basking in my afterglow against Dave's chest. His arm was obviously hanging over the side of the bed. He must have dipped into a drawer I hadn't closed in the bedside table. Suddenly he said, 'What the hell is this?' It was the vibrator. I nearly had a fit. 'You don't have to make excuses to me, love,' he said. 'This looks a damn sight cheaper way of keeping yourself happy than dirty magazines.' Then he turned it on and started playing with it! 'Mmm,' he said, putting it to his nose. 'Lovely — it smells of you.' I was curling up with embarrassment, even though I couldn't help grinning, too. Finally he pushed it into my hand. 'Here,' he said. 'I don't think you popped your cork just now. I'm not going to be any good to you for half an hour. Why don't you finish what I started?'

Quest: Did you take up the offer?

Bookkeeper: No! I'd have died beforehand. Dave just took the vibrator back. 'OK,' he said. 'I'll do it for you.' And he did!

Quest: He masturbated you?

Bookkeeper: He began running it round my boobs, very gently, sliding it up and down my cleavage — very suggestively, I thought. I didn't stop him, but I told him it was a waste of time. It only worked for me. Then he lightly brushed my nipples — and I changed my mind!

Quest: They became erect?

Bookkeeper: They became like bullets! It felt wonderful, even better than when *I'd* done it. I started to get quite into it, until I glimpsed Dave smiling at me, and got embarrassed. 'Don't be stupid', he said. 'I'm just enjoying your pleasure. Pretend I'm not here if it helps.' So I tried. He started to move the vibrator down, over my tummy, into my pubic hair. By then I was getting more and more tense — not uncomfortably, just with anticipation. And what seemed incredible to me at the time, he seemed to *know* not to put it straight on my clit. He didn't tell me till later his wife had been just as sensitive down there. He told me to open my legs wider, then he began to move the vibrator tip round and round my fanny

> **After he'd come, Dave put the vibrator in my hand. "Finish what I started," he said**

lips, and up and down my bottom crease — moving closer and closer until it was just teasing my bottom and slit. Then he literally just wafted it past my clit. I was practically writhing all over the pillow! It felt unbelievable. Then my hand just caught Dave's cock, and it was stiff. I suddenly felt incredibly selfish. I begged him to put it in me. He just grinned and said, 'It's your turn. There's plenty of time of me.' Then he brought the vibrator near my clit again. I moaned, and tried to grab his cock. I was so close to coming; my whole body was tingling. 'Please,' I said. 'It's *you* I want.' So he said, 'OK, I'll do my best.'

Quest: Which was?

Bookkeeper: He put the vibrator down. I stretched out my arms to him, but he ducked down and put his head between my legs. I felt his hot breath on my crotch, then the most incredible, soft, licking sensation along my inner thigh, onto my slit, up my lips and right over my clit. No one had ever done that to me before. I think it was as much the incredible intimacy of it, the sheer *dirtiness* that did it, but that was it for me. My womb started to contract, Then he licked me again, and it was as if I couldn't stop coming. It was the best sex I'd ever had. And it continued to be.

Quest: Do you still use the vibrator?

Bookkeeper: We use it together.

Quest: Thank you.

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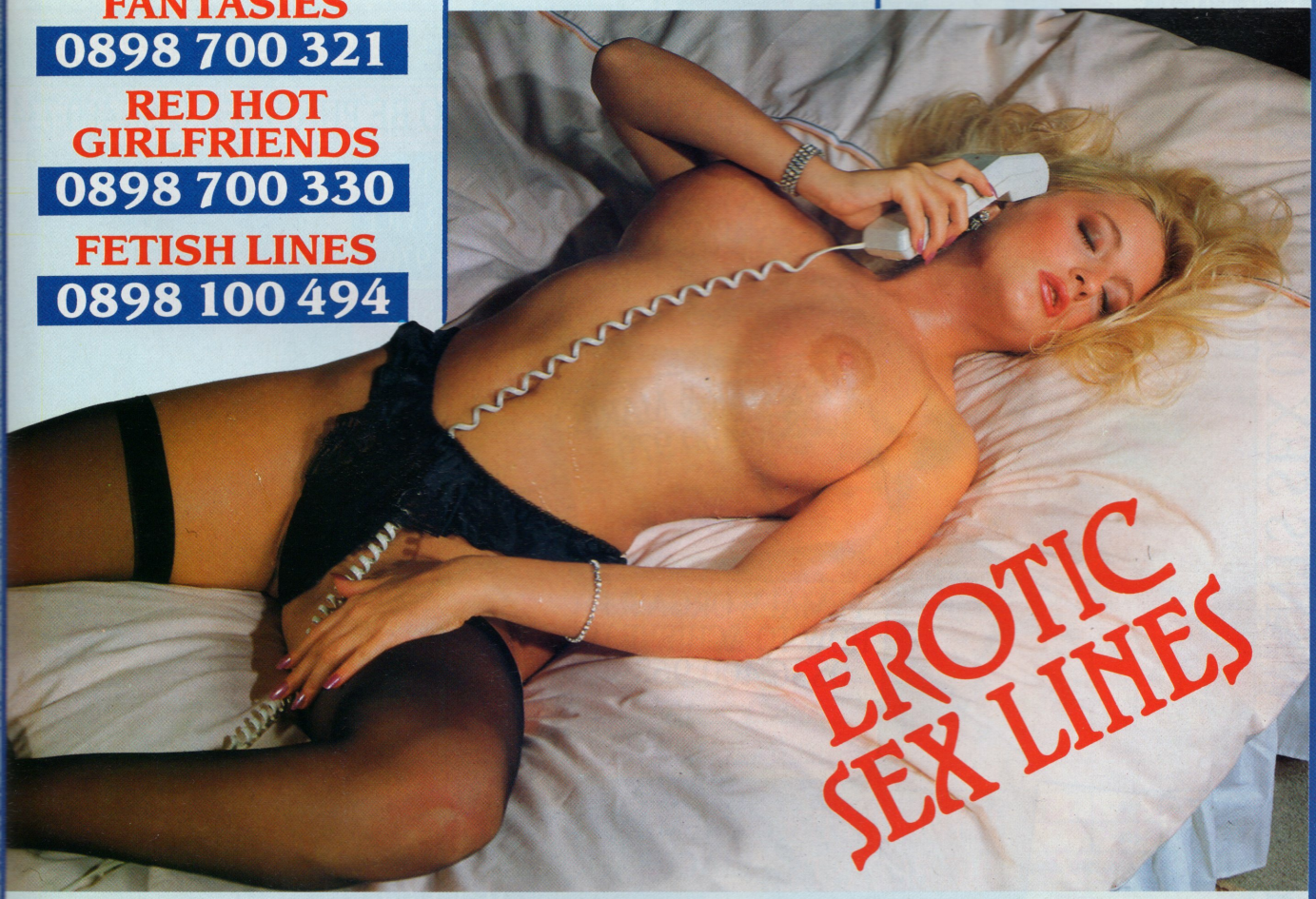

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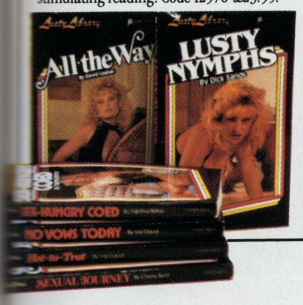

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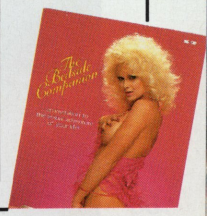
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